

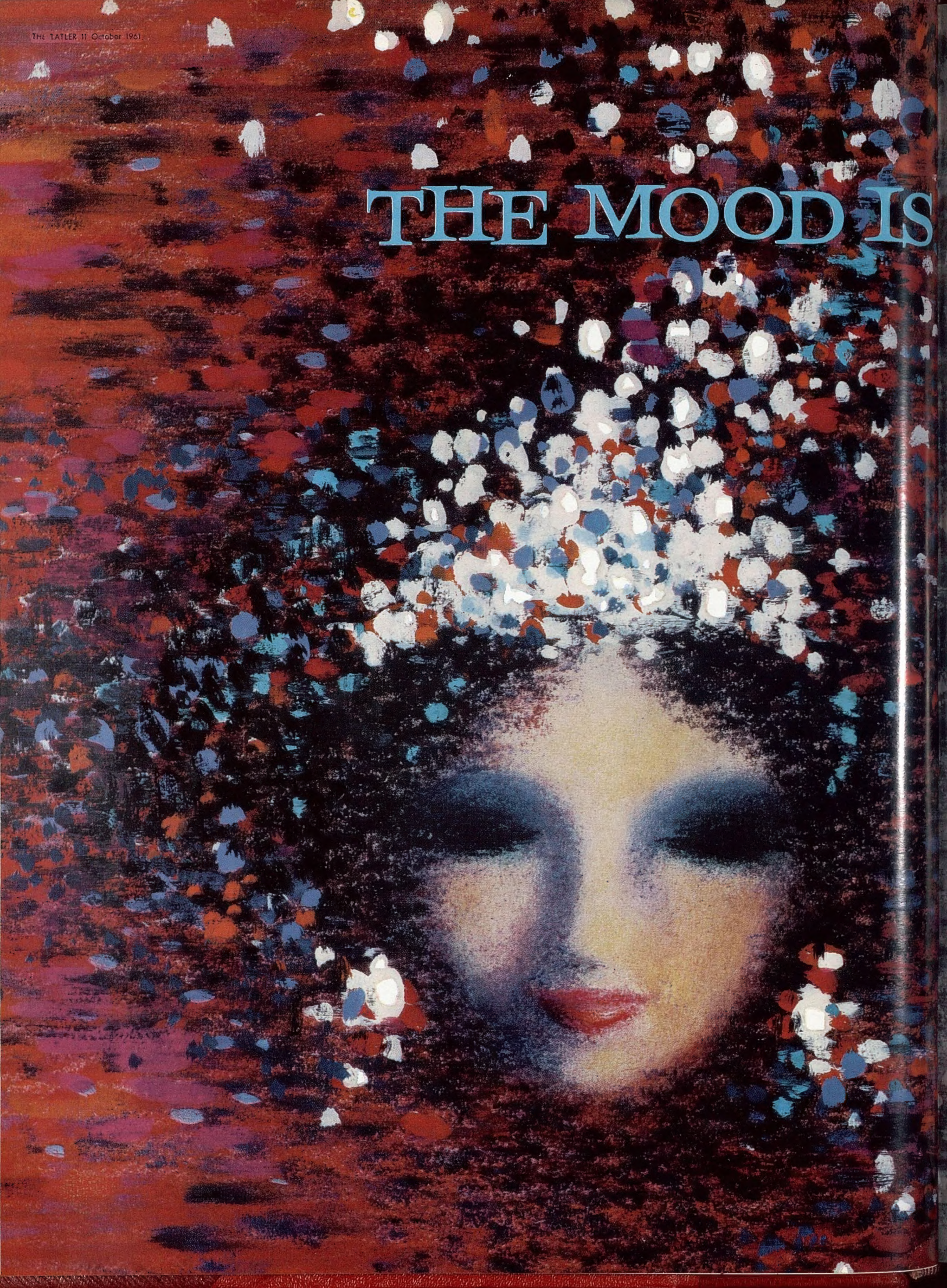


THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 11 Oct. 1961



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leaves
fashion
to

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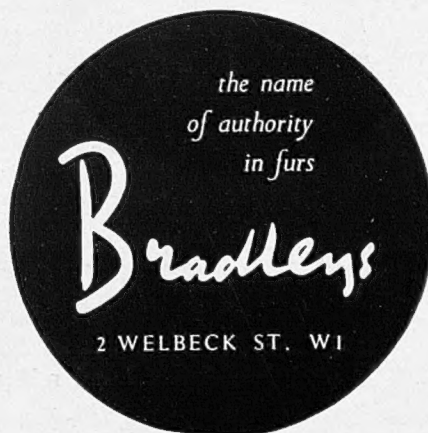
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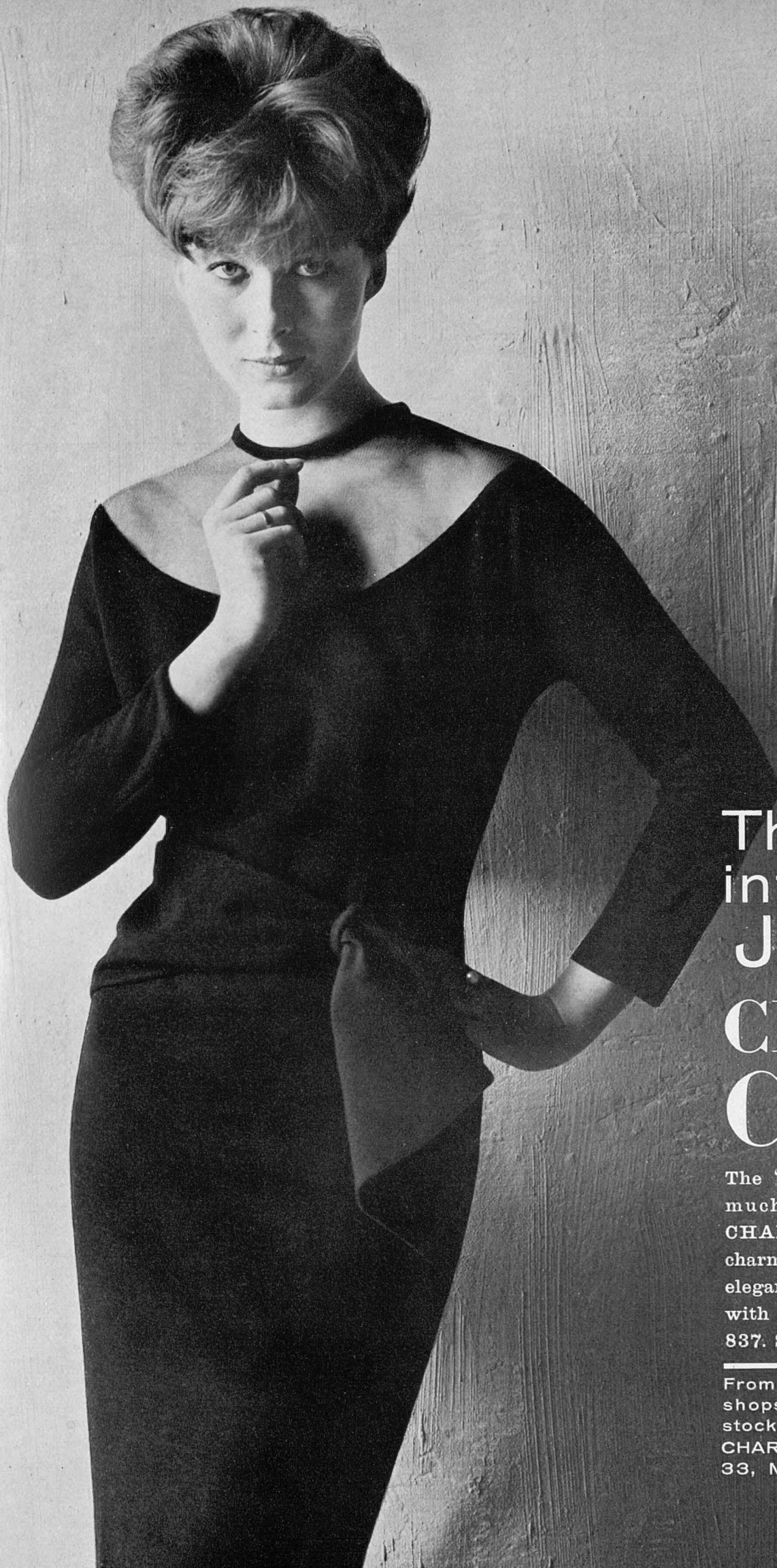
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THE Tatler

AND BYSTANDER

2s 6d WEEKLY

11 OCTOBER 1961

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Nobody can honestly claim that the English summer lasts much longer than the middle of August—sometimes there's even a doubt if the thing ever begins. But for people who took a holiday but failed to find the sun we present an Indian Summer cover. Girl in the picture is Russian-American model Anya Sonn who is to be found again in some of the fashion pictures. See Futures in furs page 114 onwards. Adrian Flowers took the colour picture

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Shropshire Society in London dinner-dance, Dorchester, tomorrow. (Tickets, Mr. C. J. Wosencroft, CIT 2737.)

Challoner Club Ball, Grosvenor House, 13 October. (Tickets £2 5s. from Brig. J. D. S. Keenan, 61 Pont Street, S.W.1.)

Cesarewitch, Newmarket, 14 October.

British Horse Society Trials, Chatsworth, Derbyshire, 14 October.

Hunter Trials: Portman, at Tarrant Gunville, nr. Blandford, Dorset; Golden Valley, nr. Hay-on-Wye, 14 October. Ledbury, at Upleadon, Glos, 16 October. Cottesmore, at Braunton, nr. Oakham, 20 October. Army, at Tidworth Park, Hants; Albrighton Woodland, at Hagley, Wores; New Forest, at Beaulieu, Hants, 21 October.

St. Mary Abbots 7th Centenary: Princess Marina will open an exhibition on the restaurant floor of Derry & Toms, 3 p.m., 17 October. **Fashion Show** by Weatherall, at 198 Regent Street, 17 October, in aid of the Royal College of Nursing. (Tickets, £1 10s. from Lady Lane, R.C.N., Henrietta Place, S.W.1.)

Society of Yorkshiremen in London dinner-dance, the Dorchester, 18 October. The Princess Royal will be present. (Tickets, Miss J. Bailey, PAD 6497.)

Dockland Settlements Ball, Savoy, 18 October. (Tickets, £5 5s., including dinner, £1 1s. for Night Club, from Mrs. Dolores Selborne, 6 Albion Street, Hyde Park, W.1, or General Secretary, 164 Romford Road, E.15. Tel.: Maryland 4944.) **Scenes From Shakespeare**, by Sir Donald Wolfit & Rosalind Iden, Grocers' Hall, Princes Street, E.C.2, 18 October, for National Association of Youth Clubs. 7.30 p.m. for 9 p.m. The Duchess of Buccleuch will receive guests. (Tickets, £2 2s., including fork supper with wine, from Mrs. R. L. Triggs, 1a Elm Place, S.W.7. Tel.: Kensington 3958.)

Hallowe'en Ball, Tidworth House, Hants, in aid of the Andover, Kingsclere & Whitechurch Division, Red Cross, 20 October. (Tickets, Mrs. C. M. Clarke, Postgrove House, Smannell, Andover.)

Newbury Race Ball, Corn Exchange, Newbury, 20 October, in aid of local charities. (Tickets, £3 3s. inclusive, from Mrs. J. M. Laycock, 99 Greenham Road, Newbury.)

Victoria League Diamond Jubilee Concert, in the presence of Princess Alice, Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m., 24 October. (Tickets, R.F.H. & agencies, and the Victoria League, 38 Chesham Place, S.W.1.)

Jewellery Exhibitions: International Jewellery Exhibition, Goldsmiths' Hall, 25 October-2 December; **Jewel & Fur Show** for the C. of E. Children's Society, Goldsmiths' Hall, 25 October, starting with 8.30 p.m. reception. (Tickets, £5 including champagne buffet supper, from Mrs. Anthony Hunter, 24 Victoria Road, W.8, or Miss Skinner, Vogue House, Hanover Square, W.1); **International Watch & Jewellery Trade Fair**, Earls Court, 25-29 October; **Modern & Antique Jewellery Exhibition**, Carrington & Co., 130 Regent Street, 17-24 October.

Autumn Antiques Fair, Chelsea Town Hall, to 14 October.

Scarlet Pimpernel Ball, Savoy, 26 October, in association with War On Want. (Tickets, £3 3s., from Mr. Derek Taylor, Washington Hotel, Curzon Street, W.1.)

Leonid Sarafanov leaps over the heads of his crouching colleagues during an athletic number by the Ukrainian State Dance Company, whose season at the Royal Albert Hall ends on Saturday



Autumn Ball & Cabaret, Savoy, 3 November, in aid of mentally handicapped children. (Tickets, £3 3s., including dinner, from Mrs. Kay E. Clay, 125 High Holborn, W.C.1.)

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Maze, Lisburn, today; Newmarket, 12-14 (Cesarewitch, 14); Stockton, 14; Wolverhampton, 14, 16; Hurst Park, 16-18; Ripon, 18 October.

Steeplechasing: Cheltenham, today & tomorrow; Fontwell Park, Market Rasen, 14; Ayr, 14, 16; Hurst Park, 16-18; Worcester, 18.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Der Freischütz* (last performance of season), tonight; *Madama Butterfly*, 14 October; *Fidelio* (last performances of season), 15, 18 October; *The Silent Woman* (R. Strauss), 20, 22, 25 October. All 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *The Sleeping Beauty*, 2 p.m. today; 7.30 p.m. 17 October; *Petrushka*, 7.30 p.m. 13 October; *Antigone*, *Symphonic Variation*, *The Firebird* (last performance) 7.30 p.m. 16 October; *Giselle* 2.15 p.m., 18 October.

ART

Max Ernst, retrospective Exhibition 1917-1961, Tate Gallery, to 1 October.

Bührle Collection paintings, Nation Gallery, to 5 November.

EXHIBITIONS

The Motor Show, Earls Court, 18-28 October.

FIRST NIGHT

Prince of Wales Theatre. *Do Re Me*, 12 October.

BRIGGS by Graham





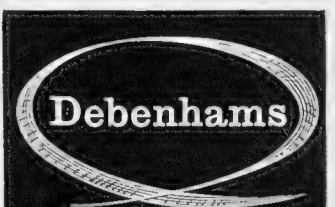
Paris
Point
of View
at



Lanvin Castillo at

WE CHOSE THIS IN PARIS for the ravishing swirl
of its full skirt and the dramatic shaping of the
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*Photographed by Peter Clark specially for Debenhams
in Lanvin's salon in the Fauberg St. Honore.*



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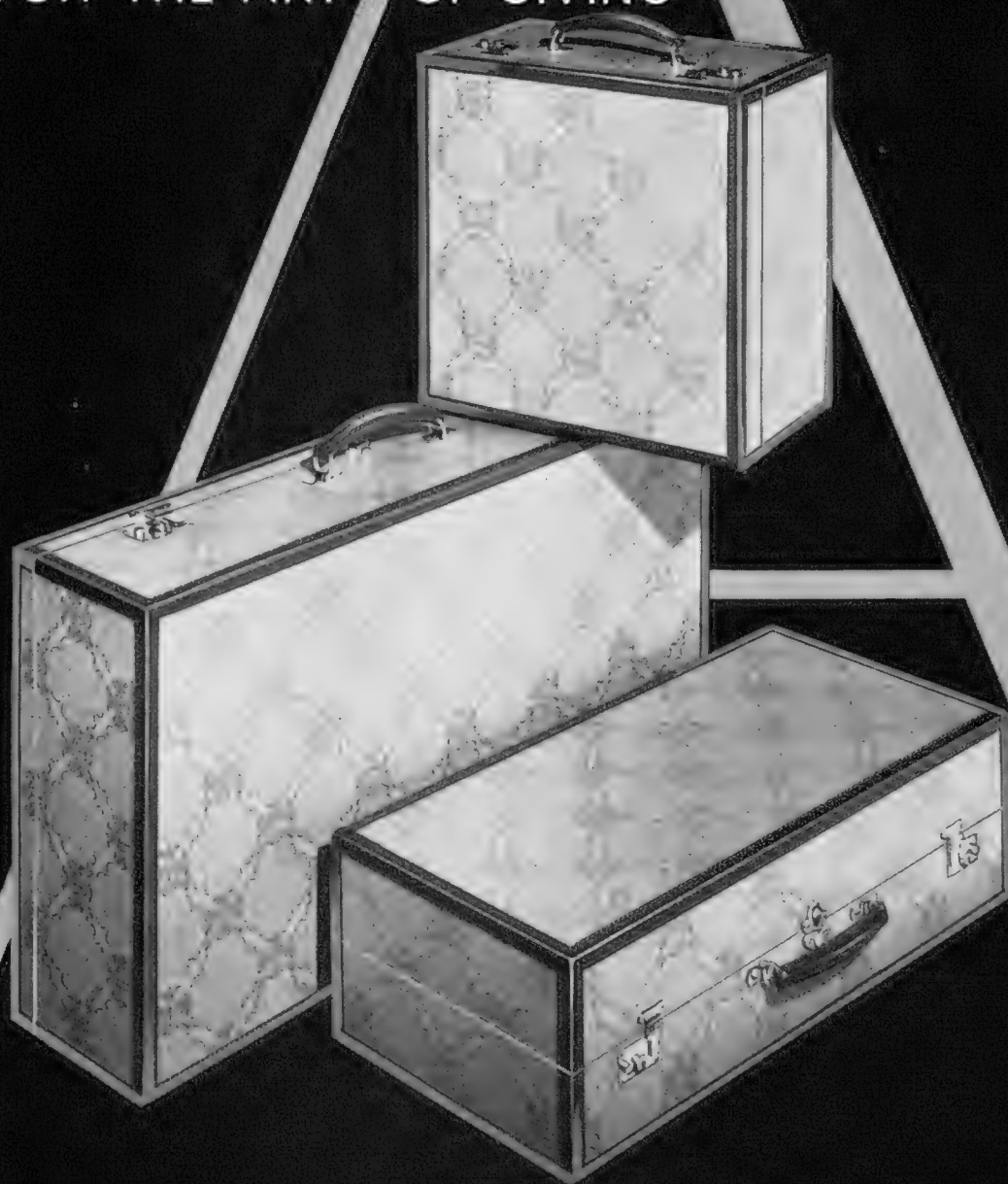
A PICTURE GOES PLACES



Peter Fink's photograph of dancer Charles Moore has been bought by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. It will be added to their collection of contemporary photographs. Peter Fink, who lives in New York, recently had a one-man exhibition of his work at the American Embassy in London

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Douglas Suiterland

Up goes the intake & the price

MORE WINE IS BEING DRUNK IN THIS COUNTRY NOW THAN EVER BEFORE. Even night clubs, where before the war champagne was *de rigueur*, now find a ready sale for a far wider range of wine. Max Setty, whose Blue Angel club is highly popular with the young set, tells me that his sale of hocks in particular has risen spectacularly and I noticed the other night in Chelsea's La Rascasse club that there were few tables not drinking a claret or a Burgundy. This is good news for the wine importers, but less cheering for them is the extraordinarily casual way in which wine lists seem to be put together in many restaurants and clubs around the West End. There is little doubt in my mind that the prices being charged for champagne, for example, are slowly killing trade. Because of the complicated method of manufacture champagne can never be a cheap wine, but if restaurateurs try to make as much as 150 to 200 per cent profit it finishes up at a quite ridiculously high price. Champagne is certainly the wine most sinned against by the profiteers but other wines suffer too. I find quite ordinary clarets being charged at very fancy prices indeed and in many cases the price the customer is expected to pay bears little relationship to the original cost of the bottle. And while on the subject of prices I would like to mention, too, the mystery that surrounds sherry prices. Go into a Henekeys House and you get a very decent measure of good sherry for under 2s. But move to a plushier establishment next door and you may be charged anything up to 4s. 6d. for about as much sherry as you can bathe your eye in. To remonstrate with the barman is usually to earn a look of hurt surprise that anybody should be so vulgar as to mention such a distasteful subject as money. Yet, unless people do complain, hotels

and clubs will continue to get away with outrageous profits. And there's always the question of spirit measures. In the old days it was traditional in Scotland to serve whisky in a $\frac{1}{4}$ of a gill measure which means around 20 glasses to a bottle. Alas, this is seldom done now, but $\frac{1}{4}$ or 25 to a bottle is becoming general. In London many places even expect to get 30 or even 35 and they charge as much if not more than in the more scrupulous places which use the bigger measure. Incidentally, theatre bars seem to enjoy an odd privilege of being allowed to serve smaller measures than would be tolerated outside.

In criticizing drink prices in the West End I think I should mention that the majority of clubs and restaurants are reasonably fair and in some cases you can drink wine at more than reasonable prices. One final complaint concerns provenance. For wines drunk in this country the guarantee of quality lies, of course, in the name of the shipper. Yet this information is seldom given on the wine list, and if you ask the wine waiter he quite often does not know.

A postwar feature of London life on the credit side has been the popularity of the bistro restaurant where you can eat and bring your own wine without corkage charge. Two of the best known in this category are **Luba's** in Yeoman's Row and the **Bistro Vino** just off the Old Brompton Road. Most bistro diners go to the local pub to buy their wine for around ten shillings a bottle and both the Bunch of Grapes in Yeoman's Row and the Denmark just round the corner from the Bistro-Vino have extremely good *vins ordinaires*.

Cabaret calendar

Pigalle (REG 6423) *Big spectacular floor show Extravaganza employs the largest number of showgirls in town, plus the comedy of George & Bert Bernard and other acts*

Talk of the Town (REG 5051) *After the Ten O'Clock Follies, Dorothy Squires sings evergreens and new songs*

Quaglino's (WHI 6767) *Continental singing star Viera ends her season on Saturday. From Monday, Clifford Stanton, impressionist*

Celebrity (HYD 7636) *The Max Wall Show dancers and singers support the comedian*

Winston's Club (REG 5411) *The Good Old Fashioned Days—new show with Danny la Rue*



John Baker White

Steak & kid, and pie near the sky

Connaught Hotel grillroom, Carlos Place, W.1. (GRO 7070.) *C.S.* Some weeks ago, writing of a luncheon given in Birmingham by the British Farm Produce Council, I urged the virtues of traditional English cooking. You can find it here at luncheon. The regular dishes are Monday steak, kidney and mushroom pie; Tuesday Irish stew; Wednesday roast beef; Thursday boiled silverside; Friday oxtail; and Saturday braised gammon. The room is charming. *W.B.*

Ariel Hotel, London Airport, Hayes. Booking essential. (SKY 2552.) What a good hotel this is! With some 40 years' harsh experience of hotels I found the rooms a delight, just the right size and equipped with everything one needs from bath to shoe polisher. The food in the pleasant restaurant is on the Grill & Cheese pattern, with 24-hour service. The short, sensible wine list includes a Santenay '55 at 19s. and a Léoville Barton St. Julien '52 at 25s. The service overall is attentive and charming. Single rooms are 57s. per night with private bathroom and Continental breakfast, double rooms 95s. You are taken to the airport free.

Discovery in Wilts

The Suffolk Arms, Malmesbury (edge of). (Malmesbury 2271.) The proud claim of this house, which I have good reason to support, is that their carefully chosen meat is matured for 12 days before cooking. It would be worth going there for that alone, but in addition the house is charming, with fine pieces of well-kept furniture. The friendly staff

take a real interest in making you happy, and prices are most reasonable. The Suffolk Arms is under the same management as The Highwayman, between Birdlip and Cirencester, which I am told maintains the same high standards.

Wine note

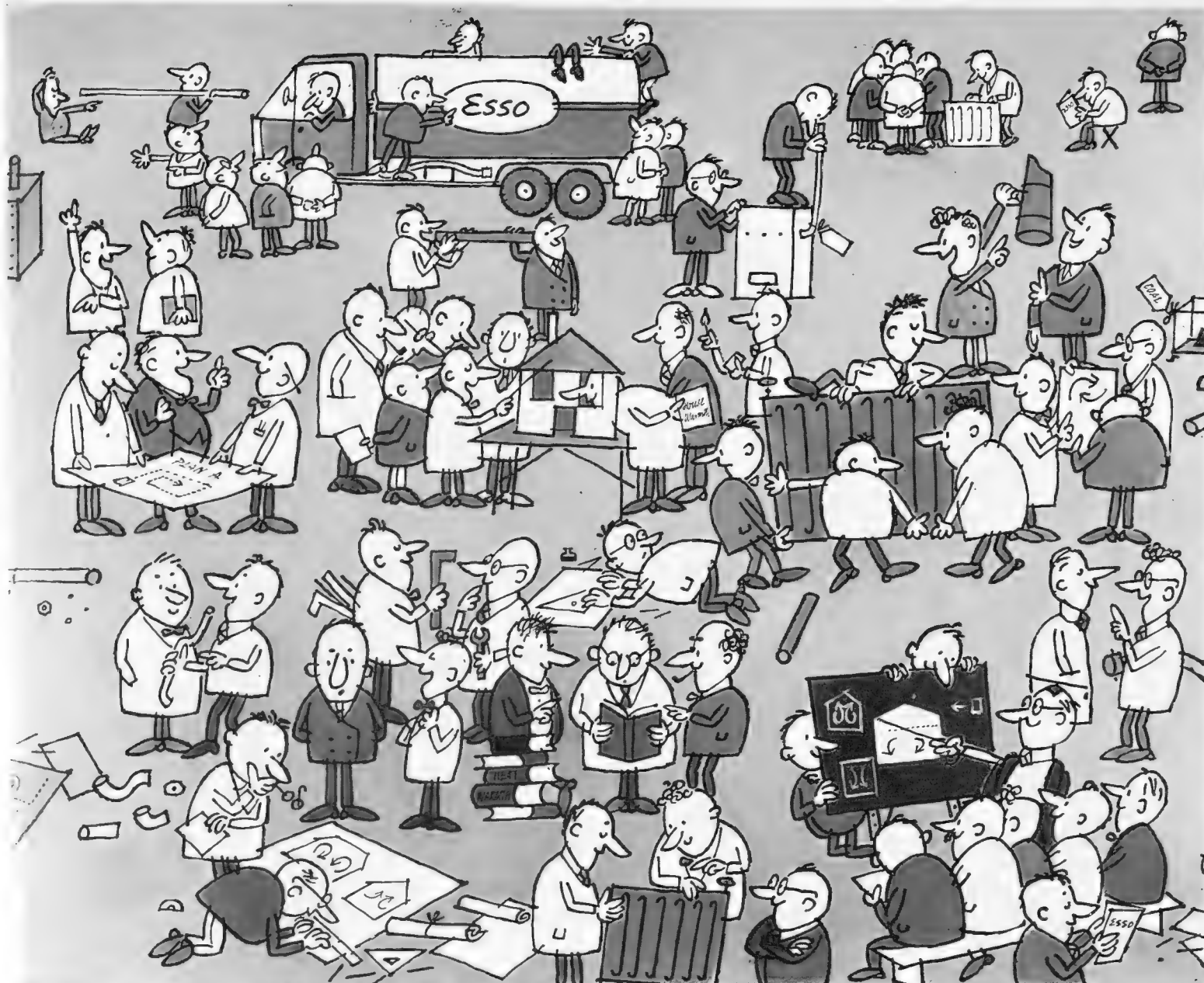
White Beaujolais. Until recently Beaujolais *blanc* has been a rarity in Britain. Now Bouchard Aîné, Ltd., have put it on the market at the modest price of 11s. a bottle. Ask for Château du Chatelard (Réserve). It comes from Mon. J. Chagny's Château du Chatelard at Lancia (Rhône), and makes pleasant drinking—what the trade calls a "fruity and robust wine". The 12th-century cellars at the Château are seen here.



... and a reminder
Massey's Chop House,
38 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3.
(KEN 4856.) *C.S.* New, real
charcoal grill just installed. *W.B.*
Crank's Salad Table, Carnaby
Street, Soho. Strictly vegetarian;
unusual décor.

Sir Harry's Bar. Corner of Hertsford
Street and Down Street. (GRO 7597.)
Confort cossu is what the French
would call it.

Unity Restaurant, 91 King's
Road, Chelsea. (FLA 1379.) Good
Greek cooking, long established and
not expensive.



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Relative values

WHENEVER I AM IN MID-FLIGHT AND THEY FLASH THE NOTICES TO fasten seat belts and extinguish cigarettes, prior to a bump or two, no amount of soothing hostess-talk about "just a little local storm" manages to reassure me. I wish with all my heart that I were in a train, or a boat, but anyway on some kind of surface. Yet, crossing the Atlantic, cabin class, a few years ago, I recall the German lady who snored to the echo in the bunk below my own; and last week, cocooned uncomfortably between rough blankets in a railway couchette, too hot one minute and too cold the next, I dreamed again—but wakefully—of a nice, comfortable Comet, whistling its way through the heavens, cutting out all the drear of a smelly cloakroom, of picking one's way over less fortunate people, camping out in the passage, as one sways and ricochets through the coaches, unwashed, grimy-fingered and exhausted.

What are the relative values? Take Corsica as an example. By rail and boat, the fares from Marseilles and Nice are the same within shillings. The first-class fare is £37 4s., including first-class couchette (four to a compartment) and a cabin on the boat to Ajaccio. Add to that three meals—two on the train, one on the boat—about £3, and another £1 5s. at least, for the tips. This brings the fare to almost exactly the same as B.E.A.'s flight which, from 1 October, is £42 10s. return. Where the train journey becomes fun is if one has a sleeper as opposed to a couchette: sheets, clean linen and a private wash basin make all the difference, but for the same price you could bed down in the Ritz. Travelling Emperor-fashion, with a whole first-class sleeper to yourself, the cost is £13 14s. return from Paris to Marseilles; £9 7s. from Paris to Nice (the boat trip Nice-Ajaccio is more expensive than that from Marseilles, but the total fares even out). True, second-class sleeper fares drop to £5 13s. and £6 13s. respectively, but they are frequently three-berth compartments—at which point I, at any rate, am back with the wakeful ones. One of the others is practically bound to snore (it might even be me) or cough. Or light a cigarette in the early

morning. You know. Frankly, the difference in comfort and timing (three hours by air, as opposed to two days by train and boat) does not even bear comparison, unless, of course, you want to use the journey as such, and take your time over it. A day or two in Paris on the way, and perhaps some time in Marseilles and Nice. And then, properly rested, the immense pleasure of steaming into Ajaccio in the early morning and seeing it for the first time as it should be seen: from the sea, lying in its great amphitheatre of hills. That is travel, in the true, if old fashioned, way.

It is the compromises—flying your car over to Le Touquet or Calais—that score. And better than that, even, taking the car on a train ferry. French Railways offer a flat rate of £35 for a car under 14 ft. 6 in., including fare and couchette for two passengers, for Boulogne-Lyons, Paris-Avignon and Paris-Biarritz. Then there are services linking Paris with Milan, base for the Italian lakes (£23 for a car under 14 ft. 6 in., plus £14 5s. for each first-class passenger, and £9 6s. the sleeper, all first-class return fares). For some reason best known to the railways, these Paris-Milan fares are quite a bit cheaper than the similar ferry from Ostend to Milan, though the timings are similar. Against that must be reckoned the air fare of £27, and the fact that you can hire a car locally from £6 9s. a week, plus mileage (Hertz)—but you do the reckoning. The car ferries are pipe-dream material, in that they do not operate again until next spring, but even this is not too early a date to start planning for the peak season.

What matter now (from 1 October) are some off-season air fares to sun-worthy places. You can save nearly £10 on the fare to Sicily (B.E.A.'s mid-week flight to Palermo, a direct flight of 3½ hours, £40 13s.). And this is a superb time to go there. A saving of £6 on B.E.A.'s flight to Ajaccio (now £42 10s., as opposed to £48 18s.). And, as the final *bonne-bouche*, New York in its incredible Indian summer of early November when, as I remember it from last year, one could have all but acquired a tan in Central Park itself, not to mention the delights of the early theatre season; pre-Christmas shopping; Thanksgiving parties and the rest. B.O.A.C. fly you there in what feels like an afternoon, chasing the sunset, leaving London at 3 p.m., and reaching the dusk of Manhattan at 5.30 (their time) for £125 return, by jet. A saving of £48 13s. on the summer fares. By turbo-prop Britannia (also B.O.A.C.) the fare drops to £114 6s.

Approaching Sousse: you need time and money, but the finest approach to many places is by boat

A. F. KERSTING



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THE TATLER 11 OCTOBER 1961

WELCOME AT GUILDHALL



NEWLY returned from his own wide-ranging Commonwealth tour the Lord Mayor, Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen, waits to receive Ministers and delegates attending the dinner held at Guildhall on the eve of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Conference in London. The dinner is one of the last big civic functions at which Sir Bernard will preside before ending what is being described in the City as one of the most successful periods in office since the war. Muriel Bowen describes the dinner and a private party given for the delegates overleaf, with pictures at both functions taken by Desmond O'Neill

Muriel Bowen's Column

THE EMOTIONAL STRANDS THAT BIND THE Commonwealth were closely entwined amid all the panoply of a banquet at Guildhall on the occasion of the meeting of Commonwealth Parliamentarians. The compliments flowed as freely as the wine. The Lord Mayor, **Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen**, spoke with refreshing forthrightness. He said: "Instead of all those admirable society tea parties with a lot of old ladies promising this and that I would like to see youth with more facilities to visit the Commonwealth." He felt that the movement of people in the Commonwealth was too much one way for a good all-round knowledge of the different peoples. He mentioned that for the 60,000 New Zealanders who come to England in a single year only 1,000 people go from this country to New Zealand. One of the guests, though, **Miss Joan Vickers, M.P.**, just back from Sarawak, Singapore and other Commonwealth outposts out East, felt her next tour would be at home. "I've now finished all our dockyards overseas and it is time I looked round the home ones again," she told me. Guildhall was resplendent with uniforms, flowers and the splendid gold plate; an oasis of life in a City that was otherwise deserted. But as it was a Commonwealth occasion most of the leading personalities had remained behind to greet the delegates.

It was conferences followed by parties all week. On the final day **Sir Roland Robinson, M.P.**, and **Lady Robinson** gave a champagne party at their home in Carlton House Terrace—soon to be demolished. Alas! Dinner jackets mingled with brocade robes. **Mr. R. A. Njoku**, Minister of Transport, Federal Region of Nigeria, was the most splendid of the lot in white and silver brocade. He is staying on for a holiday here because as he explained: "The weather here makes a real change from Nigeria and that is what I want." Others gathered in the Robinsons' cream and gold drawing-room included **Senator William Fulbright**, the U.S. observer at the Conference, and **Mrs. Fulbright**. "It's all the most superbly organized conference we've ever seen," **Mrs. Fulbright** told me. Others there that evening included: **Mr. Nigel Fisher, M.P.**, and **Mrs. Fisher**, the **Duke of Montrose**, the splendidly tall broad-shouldered delegate from Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and his pretty blonde wife, and **Major Patrick Wall, M.P.**, and **Mrs. Wall**.

BRIDE AT ST. JAMES'S

St. James's Palace was lent by the Queen for the wedding reception of **Mr. Peter Bonham-Carter** and **Miss Clodagh Greenwood**, its scarlet damask-covered walls, cut glass chandeliers, and gilt mirrors providing a splendid backdrop for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101



DELEGATES AT GUILD



American Senator J. W. Fulbright

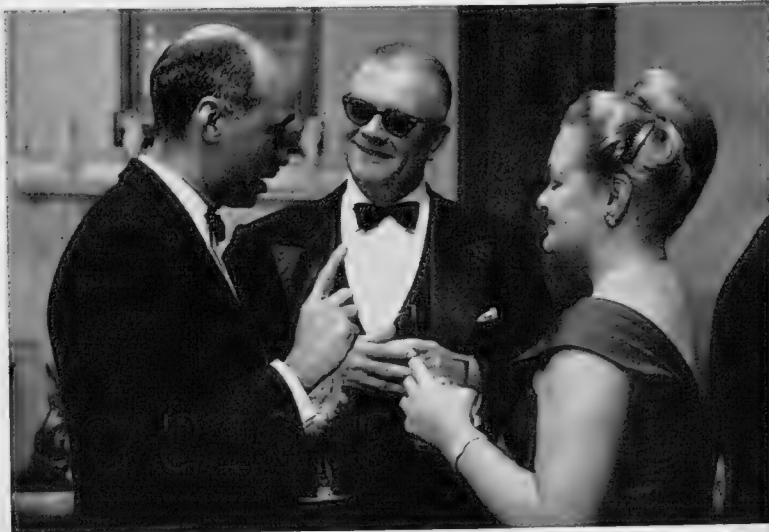


Sir Robert Gransden, Agent General for Northern Ireland



The Begum Ikramullah from Pakistan

Left: Mr. H. H. Oba Samuel Akinsanya, the Odemo of Ishara, from Western Nigeria. Below: Guests at the Guildhall dinner



Above: The Hon. D. Fletcher, Sir George Roberts and Lady Robinson at the cocktail party for Commonwealth delegates at Carlton House Terrace. Above left: Major Patrick Wall, M.P. for Haltemprice. Left: Sir Roland Robinson, M.P. for Blackpool South, talking to two of his guests. Right: The Duke & Duchess of Montrose from Rhodesia



HALL—& AT A COCKTAIL PARTY



Mr. Ahmed Jaffer from Pakistan



Alhaji the Hon. Shelu Shagari, M.P., the leader of the Nigerian delegation, and Miss Loretta Robinson

Masters at a Private View



Above: the Hon. Elizabeth Keppel. The picture: Drifting, by Odilon Redon. Right: Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas Davenport



Seen for the first time in Britain at the Edinburgh Festival, 77 masterpieces of French painting from the world-famous Bührle collection were shown at a private view organized by the Contemporary Arts Society at the National Gallery



Left: *Four Cézanne oils.*
Below: *Mr. & Mrs. Yehudi Menuhin*



Below: *Mr. & Mrs. L. Goodman.*
Belowright: *Mrs. B. Moresby and Count Alphonse Kinsky*



Above: *Lord & Lady Collesloe—he is chairman of the Arts Council. The picture: Manet's Bordeaux Harbour.*
Above left: *Miss Susanna Kleinwort.* Above centre: *Mrs. Michael Inchbald*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL



Left: Miss Perdita Erith, her father Mr. Edward Erith and Miss Diana Skyrme. Below: Dancing after dinner in the River Room

PERDITA'S DANCE



Right: Mr. Julian Sandys, Mr. Martin Drury and Miss Celia Sandys. Below right: Guests check on their dinner places

Mr. & Mrs. Edward Erith's dinner dance at the Savoy for their débutant daughter Perdita



MURIEL BOWEN *continued**Mlle. Gersende de Sabran-Pontevès—a deb from Paris**Miss Caroline Graham with Mr. Jonathan Morley*

the bride and her retinue. The bride was in white with a Brussels lace veil (an heirloom in the bridegroom's family) which was held in place by a spectacular diamond pin lent by **Lady Stewart-Richardson**. The wedding links two sporting families. Mr. Bonham-Carter is the only child of **Rear-Adm. & Mrs. Christopher Bonham-Carter**. The Admiral is, of course, Prince Philip's Treasurer and one of the world's best shots. The bride is the only child of **Dr. Tom Greenwood** (a noted skier and rugger man in his younger days) & **Mrs. Greenwood** of Horncastle, Lincs. With so many people like Mr. & Mrs. **Guy Chalmer-Stanier**, Miss **Diana Brackenbury** (former Master of the Southwold), and a platoon of Bonham-Carters the conversation kept getting back to sport. Guests noted in their professions were casually identified for sporting achievements which in some cases went back a quarter of a century. There was Mr. **Desmond Bonham-Carter** ("You must remember him . . . played goal for the Corinthians, about '26 wasn't it?"). Then there was Mr. **Peter Dennis** ("a great partridge man. Was on that record shoot, you know") and **Dr. Ronald Murray** ("Can't think what he's doing now. But he played for Scotland, and I remember one particularly wet day at Twickenham . . ."). Nor did the bridegroom's father escape assessment as a sportsman. His game books with their meticulous record of interesting details were spoken of by one particular gun in words that glowed.

It was a wedding with a lot of *esprit de corps*. **Dr. & Mrs. G. K. Graham**, **Mrs. A. A. Odium** (over from Ireland), **Col. & Mrs. George Malcolm**, and **Dr. & Mrs. Roy Wallace**, were all ushered to their seats in very businesslike fashion. The best man, Mr. **Peter Hutchison**, had circulated the ushers in advance with very precise and humorous typewritten instructions.

When Mr. & Mrs. Bonham-Carter return from their Spanish honeymoon they will live at Grosvenor Court in a flat to which they have already given the do-it-yourself treatment. "Our only bait to get them to Lincolnshire now," Dr. Greenwood told me a little sadly, "is that we've got some jolly good partridges."

GUNDOGS IN HAMPSHIRE

On the sporting front it has been a week for field trials. Mrs. **G. W. Heath** (with fuzzy-coated Irish water spaniel), Mr. & Mrs. **E. Holland-Buckley**, Mrs. **A. Badenach-Nicolson**, **Dr. M. F. Good**, **Col. G. A. Coker**, and Mrs. **Pat Maurice** were among the alert-eyed spectators at the International Gundog League Pointer & Setter Championships. (Pictures on page 102.) The venue was provided by the Bulford/Tidworth Officers Shoot, an area of some 1,700 acres on the edge of Salisbury Plain. **Lt.-Col. W. F. C. Holman**, who is honorary secretary of the shoot, was there to help and supply any missing bits of information. Things didn't get off to too good a start. As the dogs nosed towards the markers planes came in low over the Plain dropping parachutists! Alarm

gripped the judges' faces; the dogs, fortunately, went on with the job in hand. However, with **Col. Holman's** advice quickly to hand it was possible to move farther away. The parachutists provided the only surprise, for the victory of **Lord Rank's** Scotney Spate as the Pointer Champion could hardly be considered unexpected. Lord Rank's dogs—both gundogs and greyhounds—have in the past swept all before them. The Queen, who is improving the breed of royal gundogs, has watched them in action on the Balmoral moors.

HORSES FOR JAPAN?

An interesting bit of news from the horse world is that **Major Laurence Rook** has gone to Japan to look over possible sites for the horse events of the 1964 Olympic Games. Ever since it was announced that Japan would be Olympics host of 1964 it has been widely thought that the horse events would never be held there, transportation being considered an insurmountable problem. So it was felt that the horse events would go to South America or one of the other places that want the Games. Major Rook, a Gold Medal winner in the Three-Day Event of the 1956 Olympics, will have much to report to the International Equestrian Federation, the body that has sent him. Sports-minded Japan has umpteen sports stadiums, but a Three-Day Event course—judging from what I can recall of the Japanese countryside—will have to be built from scratch.

Col. Mike Ansell, organizing genius behind the British horse teams, tells me that our riders will be in Tokyo to compete in all the equestrian events. The cost will be astronomical but Col. Ansell is confident that the money can be raised. The Horse and Hound Ball of 1962 marks the opening of the appeal, and it's been moved forward from its usual mid-spring date to 18 January to fit in with the Christmas holidays.

The venue will be the Great Room at Grosvenor House.

*Mr. Peter Bonham-Carter and his bride (formerly Miss Clodagh Greenwood) drive away from St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, after their wedding*



Left: Mrs. E. J. Kingshott with two of Lord Rank's dogs and (below) owners, handlers and spectators watching the trials



The International Gundog League held a Championship Field Trial Meeting in the Bulford-Tidworth area. Lord Rank's pointer Scotney Spate was top dog in the Championship Stake

Owners and handlers move across the shoot to another course



• **POINTS** for Pointers •

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Captain H. Ford & Mrs. E. H. Holland-Buckley, wife of the Kennel Club secretary



Mr. G. D. Nagle with one of his dogs



Mr. G. F. Farrand with Mr. O. V. Watney's pointer Cornbury Dinah



Miss Deanne Routledge & Mrs. Guy Routledge. Left: Mr. A. C. White-Robinson handling Mr. O. V. Watney's pointer F. T. Ch. Segontium Quill



MARK BENICE-JONES

Staying at second-hand

Drawings by TIMOTHY BIRDSALL

STAYING in country houses at second-hand can be almost more fun than staying with friends; heads you win, tails you don't lose. If you're sent to stay in a house at second-hand and you're a success, you will be asked again; so you'll have made new friends and a new house will be open to you. If you're a failure, well, you didn't know your host and hostess before you came and you won't know them after you leave; so you're quits. Whereas if you go and stay with people you know already and you annoy them by overflowing the bath, getting drunk at dinner or knocking over a Meissen vase, you get the horrid feeling of having, by your folly, lost something that you value.

The most usual way of staying at second-hand is to be "farmed out" for a wedding or a dance. The surprise-packet house parties for debutante dances in the country are one of the most enjoyable features of the season and cause a lot of excitement to both hosts and guests. In London, on Thursday night, there is much comparing of notes among the girls as to where they have been farmed out for tomorrow. Those who are staying at the Old Rectory being mightily envious of those who have been put at a house like Petworth or Holkham or Wilton. Competition is just as rampant among the hostesses, particularly if they have menfolk. That extra lovely, well-advertised deb is angled for by several stately homes; there is great disappointment at the Castle when she is finally sent to the Towers.

The business of meeting girls at the station is always amusing, provided they turn up. All

one's neighbours are there, also meeting people they don't know. The train arrives and disgorges its cargo of beauty which the ladies and gentlemen of the County then attempt to sort out. It must be quite easy to go to the wrong house. I remember once looking out for a tall dark girl called Caroline. A tall dark girl emerged, her companion called her Caroline; we went up to her and said "You're staying with us" and she was in the car before we discovered that she was not the Caroline we were expecting. I know of a young man who was going to be farmed out for York Races. When he left home, it wasn't quite fixed who was going to have him; but the plan was that he'd go straight to the races and meet his host and hostess there. Sure enough, some people came up to him and said "You're staying with us" and he duly went off with them. Only when he reached their house did it occur to him that he didn't know their name. It seemed rude to ask; he searched in desperation for a clue. All he could discover was that the servants called both the host and his son "My Lord" which meant that he was staying with a Marquess or an Earl. So he put a trunk call through to his mother who, with the help of his description of the house, was able to deduce what Marquess or Earl it was.

In the present overdeveloped civilization of England, it is no longer easy to stay at second-hand for no reason. If one is going to be in Little Puddlecombe and one gets an introduction to the people at Puddlecombe Hall, it is highly unlikely that they will ask one to stay. The most they will do is to ask one up to a drink. But in other countries it is still possible to

announce one's arrival in a place and to be certain that one will be put up in the best house. Gone, alas, is the hospitality of the great houses of eastern Europe; gone, too, is British India where a single good introduction would enable a person to make a long stay at the Viceroy's House, at each of the provincial Government Houses and at most of the Maharajas' palaces. But quite recently some friends of mine went to stay with a princely family in Germany. When they left, their host said: "You must go and visit my friend the Margrave of —," so they went to stay with the Margrave, who said: "You must go and stay with my friend the Grand Duke of —" and so they went on, from one schloss to the next, in what was almost like an 18th-century progress.

But there is a country nearer than Germany where this sort of thing is still possible and that is Ireland. Indeed, it is with second-hand guests that the legendary Irish hospitality can be seen at its height. I know some people who were once asked in the hunting field if they would put up a stranger, a young Englishman. They agreed to do so and he stayed two years. The same people gave an American friend a letter of introduction to a certain baronet who lived at a well-known castle. The American drove up to the castle; the ground was frozen and he skidded and turned his car over just outside the front door, injuring himself badly. The baronet came rushing out, had the American carried indoors and put to bed and nursed him back to health. When he had recovered, the baronet pressed him to stay on for another month to convalesce and they finally parted firm



"... an unfortunate result of the present craze for viewing stately homes"

friends. Only when he had left did it occur to the American that he had never given the baronet the letter of introduction nor had he so much as mentioned the people who had sent him. And indeed, it is sometimes possible to stay with people in Ireland with no introduction at all. A young man who was over on business found himself stranded at a small country station with no train till the next day. He asked the stationmaster where the hotel was and the stationmaster said there wasn't one; but as he was obviously an English gentleman, he suggested that he should go up to the Big House as he was certain they would be only too pleased to have him to stay. The young man went up to the Big House and, sure enough, they were only too pleased to have him to stay. They had a rather dull niece; they asked him to stay again; and very soon he was married to her.

An unfortunate result of the present craze for viewing stately homes is that it has put an end to one way of staying at second-hand. Now, if you get your friends to tell somebody how much you would like to see his house, he will probably reply: "It's open for half-a-crown on Wednesdays and Saturdays and tea is served in the Orangery for three-and-six." Whereas in the old days he might have been surprised and rather touched by your interest. He would probably have said, as the famous Duke of Devonshire said when somebody admired Chatsworth, "It's a rummy old place," and then have added: "Does your friend *really* want to see it? He must come and stay." I know someone who, when he was a child, took a snapshot of a famous stately home. Years later

he had the presence of mind to find it and take it with him to a cocktail party at which the châtelaine of this stately home was going to be present. He got talking to her, showed her the snapshot and she was so impressed that she asked him to stay the very next weekend.

Nowadays, in order to get asked to stay at second-hand in this country, you have to sing for your supper. Before the war, when games were so fashionable, a top tennis player would be asked to all the best houses. A top bridge player would be similarly entertained; and as well as enjoying his hosts' hospitality he was able to take money off them, for they were only too pleased to lose to a famous player. These accomplishments no longer get people quite so far; but others have taken their place. If you can paint murals, play the guitar really well, or model in your hostesses' charity dress shows you can still get quite a lot of country house invitations. But what of the person who can do none of these things? I can suggest one method which I know has worked and that is to use a celebrity as bait. Supposing you are acquainted with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. You hear that he is attending some function not far from the stately home that you wish to penetrate. So you get mutual friends to say to the owner of the stately home: "I wonder if you could possibly have the Chancellor of the Exchequer to stay?" They are only too pleased; and then your friends add that the Chancellor will be travelling with you, and so would they mind frightfully if you came as well, which of course they don't mind at all. Then you get in touch with the Chancellor and tell

him that these smart people are very anxious for him to come and stay with them and that you will also be there. Provided he doesn't see through your game and say: "I'm damned if I'm going to keep you in country house visits" (just as the late King of Sweden said to a little boy who asked for his autograph a second time, having swapped the first one for toffee-apples, "I'm damned if I'm going to keep you in toffee-apples"), you will have succeeded. And even if the Chancellor doesn't want to go and stay at the stately home after all, having once got the invitation you can still go there by yourself and say: "I'm afraid the Chancellor's been called off. But as you were expecting the two of us, I felt I simply *had* to come myself, so as not to let you down altogether."

It might even be possible to do something like this without actually knowing the Chancellor and with no introduction to the stately home. When you hear that the Chancellor is in the vicinity, you telephone the stately home and say: "The Chancellor of the Exchequer would very much like to meet you. May I bring him to stay?" Then you telephone the Chancellor and say: "The Duke is very anxious for you to go and stay with him." The Chancellor accepts the Duke's "invitation" and you go too and each thinks you're the friend of the other. But this rather savours of the contact man. And you have to be careful to find out exactly what the Chancellor's movements will be. Otherwise, when you telephone the Duke and say that the Chancellor is very anxious to stay with him, there is the danger that the Duke will reply: "I know. He's staying with me now."

YOUNG FAMILY



Captain and Mrs.
Richard Gubbins
live at Barley Mow
House, Winchfield,
Hampshire, where
BARRY SWAEBE
took these pictures
of them and their
children, Mark, 4,
and Clare, 2½



*Above: Captain and Mrs.
Gubbins and their two children
look down from the balcony*

*Right: Clare and Mark with
their parents in the garden*



Left: Clare and Mark play with their train set—or, as is usually the way, watch their father play with it



Right: An anxious eye on mother during a session at the stove



Above left: Mark and Clare stage delaying tactics at bedtime

Above: On the lawn, with Pepys, the King Charles spaniel

Left: At a local fête in aid of the Old People's Home, Clare takes a hand at rolling pennies





YOUNG FAMILY *concluded*

Ducks are satisfactory creatures to feed—they always come back for second helpings. These live on the canal at Basingstoke



The Honthorst portrait of Elizabeth of Bohemia—the Winter Queen

WHEN CORNELIA COUNTESS OF CRAVEN DIED IN May of this year, she left the Queen a collection of royal portraits, all but one of them of the Stuarts. Their story is perhaps more romantic than that of any other pictures in the collection at Windsor. For the beginning we go back to the gallant and slightly eccentric first Earl of Craven, who was born in 1606. By the time he was 21 he had already been so brave on foreign service that King Charles I created him Baron Craven of Hamstead Marshall, in Berkshire—the name of the house where Lady Craven died.

Lord Craven was 25 when he was appointed one of the commanders of the English forces sent to help King Charles's sister, Elizabeth, and her husband, Frederick, to regain the Palatinate, which they had ruled before they began their brief, tragic reign as King and Queen of Bohemia in the winter of 1619-20. The expedition failed in its purpose, but from then Craven devoted his life and much of his fortune to serving the "Winter Queen."

When Charles I was beheaded, Lord Craven remained a member of the Queen of Bohemia's court at the Hague until the Restoration. Then he followed Charles II to England and placed his own London mansion, Drury House, in Drury Lane, at the disposal of the Queen. She was thus able to return to her native land and she lived in Drury House until February 1662, two weeks before she died. The Queen bequeathed to Lord Craven all her papers, and the glorious Stuart family portraits of which seven—after 299 years—have come back into the possession of the Royal Family.

There is a legend that the Queen of Bohemia and Lord Craven were secretly married, but history is ornamented by such stories that are never proved. I only know that one day in October 1951, when I walked through the rooms of Hamstead Marshall for the first time, with Lady Craven as my guide, I yielded at once to the romantic story.

Lady Craven was then in her 70s and she lived in a sad, rich dream. Born the daughter of Bradley Martin, a New York millionaire, she had married the fourth Earl of Craven in 1893.

Except for the splendour of her house and possessions, there was no trace of this lost epoch in the old lady who led me from picture to picture on that autumn afternoon of 1951. She was already half-blind, and as we moved

from the Honthorst portrait of the Queen of Bohemia to the picture of the first Earl of Craven in armour, Lady Craven touched the edges of the frames and spoke from her memory. "That is really the beginning of the story," she said. "You see the Queen with those glorious pearls; and the first Lord Craven, in armour. That picture of him was painted by the Queen's daughter, the Princess Louisa. I can no longer read, but I remember that her name under the picture is mis-spelled Louise. Isn't that so?"

Thus we went from room to room; and at the end of the journey we walked through the conservatory, with scarlet cannas beneath the tall palm fronds, and into the garden. The other guests were in a group; a conversation piece on the velvet lawn.

I was still young enough to see them as a separate, older flock. Most of them were in their 70s: one, Mary Countess Howe, admitted to be one of the loveliest women in England. She still moved over the lawn as light as mist over water. A man, still older, stepped forward and said, "My name is Richard Molyneux—an ugly name—we pronounce the final X." I did not know then that he had fought on the North-West Frontier in 1897; then at Omdurman, and in the South African war.



When I went to change for dinner, the walls of the bedroom were so heavy with pictures that I had to wash my hands carefully not to splash a Zoffany.

At the end of dinner, when the ladies left the room and the port and Madeira went into orbit, Sir Richard Molyneux moved next to me and told stories of the Royal Family. His recollections went back over four reigns, but he talked mostly of King George V. I remember him saying, "The King's three favourite equerries were all killed in the first month of the 1914-18 war: this brought the war home to him and made a great difference to the rest of his life." Then—"I drove up to London with him from Windsor just before the Jubilee celebrations." On the way the King said, "All this fuss! What have I done? It isn't a Jubilee anyway. It's only 25 years." So I answered, "Sir, you'll have a big surprise; they're going to give you the greatest jolly of your life."

I remember two more nicely human stories from our meeting during that last autumn in the life of King George VI. Sir Richard Molyneux said, "At the beginning of the last



The first Lord Craven, painted by Princess Louisa, one of the Queen of Bohemia's daughters

war, Queen Elizabeth asked me to take the two princesses to Scotland. We stayed there six weeks. I had a pact with Princess Elizabeth that if she wrote nice things to the Queen about me, I'd write nice things about her. One day she confessed, "I am sorry, but I have broken my promise; I wrote to Mummy and told her that you are rather grumpy in the morning."

The other story revealed what Sir Richard described as "the rather school-boyish relationship between King George V and his equerries." He said, "One day, at Sandringham, the King wished to show his friends trophies brought home from his big-game shooting in India. They were all displayed in one big room. Do you know what I did! I went in ahead of them, wrote on a card 'All from Whipsnade,' and hung it on the head in the centre. I must say that the King was a bit surprised!"

On Sunday I was down to breakfast early. Then I walked into the garden and in the woods for most of the morning, and returned to the house in time for a surprise. The Marquess & Marchioness of Carisbrooke had arrived early for lunch, and Lord Carisbrooke said, "Come and let us look at the pictures." His wife wandered off and we were alone. I suddenly realized as we came to the portrait of the Queen of Bohemia that he was one of her descendants.

Lord Carisbrooke talked of the martyred King's last days in Carisbrooke Castle. Then he led me to the Van Dyck portrait of Mary Princess of Orange, daughter of Charles I, when she was still a child. (It is one of the pictures now given to Queen Elizabeth.) Lord Carisbrooke talked then of Queen Victoria's devotion to the Stuarts; of Princess Elizabeth who died of fever, also at Carisbrooke, after her father was beheaded; and of Queen Victoria's gesture, two hundred years later, in erecting a monument over the grave as a "token of respect and sympathy."

Afterwards I returned to Hamstead Marshall several times. But the pattern of Edwardian elegance was never quite the same, as one by one the guests of 10 years ago died and themselves became minor portraits on the walls of social history. It is a gracious end to the story that Lady Craven—an American by birth—should have left the finest of her Stuart portraits to the royal collection, to be enjoyed by the Hanoverian descendants of the Winter Queen.



VICKERS BUILDING ON MILLBANK BY RONALD WARD & PARTNERS. GLASS-WALLED, 387 FEET HIGH, IT IS ONE OF THE BETTER NEW BUILDINGS, BUT RUTHLESSLY DOMINATES THE NEIGHBOURHOOD, DWARFING THE VICTORIA TOWER AND SPRINGING UP (RIGHT) IN A HARDLY CONSIDERED WAY BEHIND ST. JAMES'S

Skylines



ST. ALPHEGE HOUSE ON LONDON WALL BY MAURICE SANDERS & PARTNERS HAS ARCHITECTURAL MERIT BUT IN THIS SETTING 18 STOREYS BEAR RELENTLESSLY DOWN ON GUILDHALL

LONDON LIKE EVERY OTHER CITY IS FAST GROWING into the sky. It is an international phenomenon dictated by land values, site availability and staff accommodation. In a good many countries—Britain not excluded—the problem has been solved baldly and badly by packing as many humans and as much equipment as possible into great soaring square towers of glass and concrete that effectively dominate any vista while adding little to its charm or to the architectural ethic. A song from a recent London revue inspired by Mr. Jack Cotton's abortive plan to redevelop Piccadilly Circus made the point concisely:

"Our latest's 60 storeys high or is it 59?"

You look and see 10 counties when the weather's really fine

And looking back 10 counties see a neon sign"

The Cotton plan failed because a sufficient number of people suddenly realized that the Circus, though of little architectural merit, had to be respected and cared for as a centrepiece for London. It was the town planners' moment of triumph, wonderful while it lasted but of little consequence in the long run. For the planners more often than not find themselves in the role of recommenders and pleaders, free only to indicate in their plans which sites seem to them suitable for high buildings. If application is made for a skyscraper on another site and the planners have no special reason for turning it down a haggling match develops which is usually settled by lopping off a couple of storeys. None of which has very much effect on what the thing will look like once it is up.

Any new building climbing up to dwarf an ancient

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



London monument must appear strange at first sight. But if it were a first-class piece of work in its own right, designed and tailored to its environment, the new work would bear as valid testimony for modern architecture as the old does for its own period. Sir William Holford, president of the Royal Institute of British Architects, recently said offices are built by accountants, architects are only required to put walls around them. The reason for this may be that since any piece of land in a central city area has become unbelievably expensive, and building high in itself is exceedingly costly, no financier is going to face the risk of a single usable cubic foot being lost by the whim of an architect.

The really worthwhile historic buildings in the centre of London—actually fewer than one thinks—seem to deserve at least as much protection as a nature reserve. It is just unfortunate that the idea of protecting them against encroaching skyscrapers seems so novel. Yet it should be possible to discover before building operations actually start just how any new business tower will fit in with its environment. It's the only way to make sure that work with a contemporary mark does not look shabby beside the old. Otherwise we might just as well forget about the glories of the London skyline and resign ourselves to the jagged tooth look of Manhattan.

NOBODY HAS HAD MUCH LUCK WITH THE SOUTH BANK, NOT EVEN SHELL, WHOSE NEW BUILDING EFFECTIVELY DAMPS ANY HOPES FOR THIS SIDE OF THE RIVER, AND ALSO CLUTTERS THE SKY ABOVE HORSE GUARDS, ALREADY CLOUDED BY THE NEO-CLASSIC FACADE OF A NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF WHITEHALL



Bed and bureau

by Lord Kilbracken

MY FIRST VISIT TO PARIS WAS AS A BOY OF 9 OR 10. I went there with my parents and we stayed at a rather grand hotel in the Avenue de l'Opéra, the Hotel des Deux Mondes, which no longer exists. My bedroom had a balcony with ornate iron railings and looked out from an immense height over the gaslit avenue. We had *croissants* and cherry jam for breakfast and went to the top of the Eiffel Tower. And that's all I remember.

My second visit was some 15 years later and very different; a move, in fact, from one of the *deux mondes* to the other. For emotional reasons which I need not here elaborate, I had decided to move to Paris for a most indefinite period, which might be only a week or two or which might be "for ever." I had a total capital of £75 in crinkly white fivers and it was essential to make this last as long as possible, until (if I stayed on) I found a job to support me. And jobs, without a work permit, would be difficult to find. I reckoned, however, that I could stretch my capital to last at least 100 days.

The first thing to find was the cheapest room in Paris, without actually patronizing a doss-house. Having dumped my baggage, comprising a rucksack and a typewriter, in a free *consigne* at a workman's café at the back of the Gare du Nord, I set out on foot to look for it—the cheapest room in Paris, I mean. Some eight or 10 hours later I think I managed to find it; even though, as I hope to show, it was rather a peculiar one.

My footsteps had finally led me to the Left Bank, and in particular—for certain sentimental reasons—to the Place Saint-André-des-Arts (formerly known, *vide* "Trilby," as the Place Saint-Anatole-des-Arts; why was this change of saints made?). But the cheapest room there was 300 francs a night, which in those days was 12s. 6d. Thence I followed the street of the same name, inquiring at each hotel I saw—and there were many—the price of their cheapest room. By the time I reached the Rue-de-Seine, the best so far was 125 francs, for a room the size of a box, without any windows, on the seventh *étage*. I thought I could do better and, turning right into the Rue-de-Seine, found myself a few moments later outside the smallest, darkest, least conspicuous hotel I'd yet seen.

Ignoring the notice which said COMPLET, I made my way to the *bureau* on the first floor; it was deserted. However, after I'd shouted a few times, an attractive young lady materialized from nowhere and asked if I desired something; she called herself Yvette, she told me, and she was the niece of the *patron*. I said I desired a room. There now followed a pleasing dialogue in which Yvette began by drawing my attention to the notice saying COMPLET, but ended up, being of a sympathetic disposition, by proposing

a solution. There was, she told me, a camp bed in the *bureau* itself (here she drew some curtains to reveal it) which they weren't really allowed by *messieurs les flics* to let to clients. If, however, I thought that it might suit me, I could occupy it, as a special favour, for 50 francs a night. That was just 2s. and I took it like a shot.

It is a curious experience to be living in the *bureau* of a small Left Bank hotel. Not only did I sleep there; I also used it as a work-room. In this way, because everyone was always coming in and out to collect keys and letters, I very quickly got to know everyone in the hotel, though in many cases only by their room numbers: Monsieur Treize, Mademoiselle Huit, Monsieur and Madame Dix-Sept and so forth. (There were fewer than 20 rooms.) And I became very intimately acquainted with all the complex liaisons which were managing to thrive beneath that one little roof.

At any given moment, by a glance at the keyboard, I could tell who was in the hotel. (On the very top floor, there were two interesting young ladies who danced at the Folies Bergère, and then at a local *boîte*. Their keys, 18 and 19, would be dangling on the board, usually the only ones, all night till 5 a.m. And every morning, when all the other clients had gone off to work, only their keys would be missing.) And my picture was completed by a most unusual gadget on one of the walls of the *bureau*: a glass-fronted box, containing rows of little bulbs, arranged to correspond with the floors of the hotel, and numbered according to the rooms on each floor.

If Monsieur Treize put out the light in his room, the bulb numbered "13" would at once go out in the box; or if, for any reason whatever, Monsieur and Madame Dix-Sept switched their light on in the small hours, the bulb numbered "17" would at once spring to life to report the event to me. Thus I could tell, during the long hours of darkness, not only who was in the hotel, but whether they were asleep or not. Or rather, which is a completely different thing, whether they had their lights on.

I leave you to imagine the kinds of inferences I could draw. Through a vicarious *voyeurisme*, I could experience at second hand the entire gamut of Paris hotel life. The nocturnal habits and adventures of every client at the hotel became a half-open book to me. I was sorry, eventually, that I was compelled to depart; but one of the rooms became vacant—Mademoiselle Seize, at last, actually married Monsieur Quinze and moved in with him (officially)—and the *patron* insisted that I take the empty room. It wasn't so much that it was 200 francs a night; I knew it would mean that anyone in the *bureau*—Yvette, for example—could keep an eye, at one remove, on my nocturnal actions.



FUTURES IN FUR

FUR FUTURE: DEEP COUNTRY

● Golden Lakoda seal (*left*), wrapped into a seven-eighths coat with a half belt at the back, collared and trimmed in delicious blonde lynx, brings new luxury to the car coat. Completing the weekend look: Lean trousers in honey-coloured Helanca, matching cashmere polo sweater, pale leather gloves, simple gilt jewellery.

● *Prices:* Coat costs 395 gns. at Maxwell Croft; cashmere from The Scotch House, £6 12s. 6d., the pants 9 gns. and jewellery from Liberty. *Sendoff:* Renault Floride.

FUR FUTURE: CITY ELEGANCE

● In the bar of the May Fair Hotel—very young, very wearable version of the fur princess line in Indian Lamb. Accents on a standaway collar and wide cuffs with soft white leather belt.

● *Prices:* Albert Hart sell the coat for approx. 350 gns., the white leather pillbox by Chez Elle costs 6½ gns. at Woollands; Kara, Derby.





THE FRENCH FURS

● Lanvin Castillo fur collection around the clock. *Left* Fabulous cape stole and hat in white mink. *Far left* Enormous collar and wide sleeves for a Canada Majestic ranch mink coat. *Opposite* Handsome Brazilian otter city coat with marten collar and beret. Pictured at Chantilly and sold over here at Debenham & Freebody





FUR FUTURE: MINK STATUS

● For fur after five—the ultimate in glamour, the essence of luxury. *Left:* A débutante's dream of fur. Soft as snowflakes—the white Emba mink jacket with shawl collar and wide sleeves, worn over a brief tortoiseshell party dress threaded with gold

● *Prices:* Jacket from the National Fur Company £885, dress from Harrods 17 gns., collar of Italian jet and crystal beads, Liberty

● Next to solitaire diamonds, a girl's best friend could be her mink. Not lining a raincoat this winter, but reversing to a beautiful fabric. *Right:* A reversible mink with emerald Thailand silk. Gorgeous worn either way. Partnering: green silk dress with skating skirt, embroidered bodice and cummerbund

● *Prices:* Theatre coat by Calman Links about £850, dress by Christian Dior—London, 113½ gns. at Fortnum & Mason, earrings and bracelet from Liberty. Girl in the mink seen at the Carlton Tower





FUR FUTURE: INFORMAL

● Après-ski, stay-at-home and for times when furs simply stand at ease: ocelot tunic. The low-slung collar, three-quarter sleeves and belt at the hips—all incomparably comfortable. A design from Mary Quant's collection for S. London at Bazaar

● Prices: tunic £345, the black Helanca stretch pants 9 gns. Gilt bracelet from Liberty. Setting: Maharajah Suite at the May Fair Hotel



FANTASIA

The Balinese shadow figure is a carved wood dancing girl from Harrods unique collection of Eastern figures and vases made into table lamps: 26 gns. The straw fan shade costs 3 gns.



Venini glass traditional Italian theatrical characters—an elongated harlequin and Pepe Nappa (the complete clown). 16 gns. each at Liberty, Regent Street, W.1



China centaurs and flying nymphs make a neat balance to hold a pair of candles for the table. Bjorn Wiinblad designed them for Rosenthal in white touched with green. Price 28 gns. to order from Wilson & Gill, Regent Street, W.1

Signed natural stoneware figure with a shimmering peacock robe by sculptor Johannes Hede-gaard. One of many new stone-ware and blue glazed figures at the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Company, this one costs £28



A Japanese painted wooden puppet, about 150 years old, now made into a lamp, price: 25 gns. for Harrods exhibition of such lamps which is on until 28 October



Lightheaded figures by ceramic artist Bruno Capacci are based on characters from the Comedia dell'Arte. 3 gns. each from a selection at the General Trading Company, Grantham Place, W.1

YES?

VERDICTS

PLAYS

Anthony Cookman

Guilty Party. St. Martin's Theatre. (Donald Sinden, Hugh Sinclair, Anne Firbank, Frances Rowe.)

A mine in the boardroom

NO PLAY CALLS MORE PLAINLY FOR A FIRM OPENING THAN A WHODUNIT. You have to be put into the right mood if you are to start on a guessing game without reluctance. **Guilty Party** at the St. Martin's hasn't what I should call a striking opening, but it has one that is crisp, businesslike and confident; and there is no pleasanter sensation in the theatre than to be part of an audience which is settling down with almost visible spiritual satisfaction to a problem that has piqued curiosity. Mr. Donald Sinden, tugging at a dashing little black beard, has just been revealed to Mr. Hugh Sinclair, his surprised partner in a flourishing firm of printers, as the managing director of another firm who six years before absconded with a six figure sum of money. After an absence abroad he has returned under an assumed name, and has been spotted by Miss Anne Firbank, a trim, efficient and bitter secretary whose father died of the bankruptcy that followed the defalcation. She has no intention of handing the thief over to the police. She prefers that this should be done by his former fellow directors of the business which has been set on its legs again by a rich woman. She has arranged that the cocktail party customary after this annual stocktaking meeting shall take place in the flat to which the criminal has been decoyed.

Mr. Sinden is in a spot, but he would never have got there if a passion for fast nights and tennis at Wimbledon had not drawn him ineluctably back home. Clearly we are meant to like him, and Mr. Sinclair gives us the lead by asserting his disbelief in his partner's past dishonesty. As for Mr. Sinden, after he has recovered from his chagrin at having been unmasked by the pertinacious, coldly vindictive secretary, he asks nothing better than to have the chance of convincing his old colleagues, one of whom is his brother, that lightly and cruelly they have misjudged him. The directors, dumbfounded to find in their midst a malefactor they never expected to clap eyes on again, are inclined to pooh-pooh his impudent protestations of innocence. He points out to them with Sindenesque good humour and energy that if he did not in fact run off with their money some other director did. It follows that the real thief is one of them, and this is a point of view which impresses Miss Frances Rowe, who is the woman whose money has reconstituted the company.

One of the authors of the piece (I understand it is Mr. George Ross) seems to understand the intricacies of company finance and through Mr. Duncan Lewis, who plays the mimic company's auditor, we get dry, succinct explanations of precisely how the missing money was moved out of the country by the director who had access to the firm's sterling transfer forms. An innocent may only think he understands the explanations he hears. The point, so far as he is concerned, is that the explanations not only carry conviction but they are invariably lucid, and I should not be surprised to be told that to real financial experts the whole thing is also delightfully clear and simple. The other author (who is Mr. Campbell Singer) knows his business equally well. He has to see to it that, though all the characters on the stage are necessarily unsympathetic, for any one of them may turn out to be the villain of the

piece, they must all at some time or another present redeeming features.

They may be pompous and pedantic like Mr. Peter Stephens's fat barrister, they may be buttoned up and complacent like Mr. Ralph Michael, the director who has collected the absentee's wife, they may be sneering like Mr. Anthony Woodruff's tired old man, they may be unnaturally tensed up like Mr. Hugh Cross's brother of the accused, or they may be vulgar like Mr. Michael Bates's sportsman—but they are all human enough for us to feel touches of sympathy when their hidden troubles are brought unexpectedly to light. Mr. Sinden is perhaps a special case. His irony can wear occasionally an ugly look, his earnestness may leave moments where it seems ever so slightly overdone, but there is all the same something ineradicably likeable about him. He can't possibly be guilty of a crime for which he has already suffered much. But in these affairs you never can tell.

FILMS

Elspeth Grant

Murder She Said. Director George Pollock (Margaret Rutherford, Arthur Kennedy, Muriel Pavlow, James Robertson Justice, Charles Tingwell.)

The Honeymoon Machine. Director Richard Thorpe. (Steve McQueen, Brigid Bazlen, Dean Jagger.)

A Matter Of Who. Director Don Chaffey (Terry-Thomas, Alex Nicol, Sonja Ziemann, Cyril Wheeler.)

Western Region, please note

SOME VERY AGREEABLE TWANGLY BACKGROUND MUSIC, COMPOSED AND conducted by Mr. Ron Goodwin, soothingly suggests that nerves will only be harmoniously jangled by **Murder She Said**—and this is indeed the case. Here is, for once, a thoroughly cosy and eminently enjoyable thriller. It is not designed to scare you rigid or send you screaming into the street—it has reduced physical violence to an absolute minimum and you will not find in it the twitching psychopath, the squealing victim, the cut-throat razor, the mutilated body in the bath or any of the other horror ingredients with which the thriller is usually stuffed; it aims to entertain—and it scores a bull's-eye. The screenplay, by Messrs. David Pursall and Jack Seddon, is based on a novel by Miss Agatha Christie, 4.50 *From Paddington*, and has as its central character that redoubtable sleuthing spinster Miss Jane Marple—splendidly played by our adored and inimitable Miss Margaret Rutherford.

From the train in which she is returning from London to her country home, Miss Marple looks out at another train travelling in the same direction—and is horrified to see, in one of its compartments, a man, with his back towards her, resolutely throttling a young woman. Miss Marple notifies the railway authorities and the police—and is justifiably annoyed at being treated by them as a dotty old girl suffering from delusions. A murder, she insists, has been committed. Then where, asks the local police inspector (Mr. Charles Tingwell), is the body? This is just what Miss Marple means to find out.

With Stringer (Mr. Stringer Davies), the village librarian, as her sole ally, Miss Marple, deliciously disguised as a platelayer, explores the railway embankment and finds conclusive evidence that something weighty was dumped from a train, dragged to the wall surrounding Ackenthorpe Hall and shoved over it. In order to pursue her investigations, Miss Marple, whom nothing daunts, takes a job as a maid at the Hall—and in due course noses out a body, concealed in a sarcophagus in one of the outhouses. So who put it there?

Among the possible suspects are old man Ackenthorpe (Mr. James Robertson Justice), his charming daughter (Miss Muriel Pavlow), his three unpleasant sons, his hard-up son-in-law (Mr. Ronald Howard), his grandson (Master Ronnie Raymond)—much given to lethal practical jokes—his amiable doctor (Mr. Arthur Kennedy), and a very sinister handyman (Mr. Michael Golden) who prowls the grounds nightly with a wolfish Alsatian. If your guess is as good as mine, you'll spot the villain almost as soon as Miss Marple does—but that in no way spoils

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

NEITHER OF THE LONDON OPERA HOUSES HAS had a standard French work in the repertory for a good many years. On this ground alone, the new production of Bizet's *Carmen* at **Sadler's Wells** is a definite gain. In many ways, *Carmen* can claim to be the perfect opera. It has a strong story line, credible characters, the music underlines the action and is full of splendid tunes. The Spanish setting may be ersatz but is inherently glamorous and the drama operates on both physical and psychological levels. John Barton (from the Royal Shakespeare Theatre—he was responsible for *The Hollow Crown*) has produced with an eye for realism. There is no Hollywood frivolity about this Spain; Carmen is definitely a factory girl; after a long hike up a mountain with the smugglers, she flops down and attacks her sandwiches. The settings of Ralph Koltai and costumes of Annena Stubbs seem to aim at El Greco backgrounds and Rembrandt foregrounds—a combination of colouring entirely in keeping with the tone of the production.

The title role is notoriously difficult; hard enough to find an actress capable of presenting a convincing gipsy, wayward, superstitious, breathing a sly sexuality but basically true to herself; to find a singer who can do all this is almost impossible. At the Wells, Patricia Johnson shows the makings of a useful Carmen. On the first night she kept her voice down to near inaudibility at times, and her presence is not compelling, but her contributions to the end scene and final duet indicate considerable potential. Her Don José is Donald Smith, an Australian making his London debut. His voice is large and powerful, darkly coloured and occasionally thrilling. At the moment, however, it is uncontrolled and inclined to stray alarmingly from pitch. He's a singer to watch, though. A year or so at the Wells and he will have a fan club. The smaller parts were well filled, notably by the clear, untroubled soprano of Elizabeth Johnson as Micaela, and the loud, cutting soprano of Rita Hunter. The company's principal conductor, Colin Davis, set a cracking pace for the prelude and phrased the three lovely *entr'actes* beautifully. But at times he seemed to lose interest; the toreador's song sounded (Raimund Herinx full of swagger and loud noises), and the gipsy dance lacked its essential tautness. After it has been allowed to settle down, this *Carmen* should be an asset to the Wells.

At **Covent Garden**, the new musical director Georg Solti made a frontal attack on *The Ring* with *Die Walküre*, getting Hans Hotter, the leading Wotan (seen right) not only to sing that part but to produce as well. Solti's *Ring* is expected to be complete in 1964. Next week the French mezzo-soprano Rita Gorr can be heard in three final performances of Gluck's *Iphigenie en Tauride* with which the Royal Opera House season opened. This noble work is a fine vehicle for Miss Gorr's potent, dramatic voice, and should not be missed.

J. ROGER BAKER

ERICH AUERBACH

TWO NIGHTS AT THE OPERA

the fun of watching the intrepid Miss Marple trap him into a confession. Perhaps what I enjoyed best were the peppery exchanges between Miss Rutherford and Mr. Robertson Justice: Miss R. is the only woman I know who can put the Boomer in his place—and it was high time somebody did.

In *The Honeymoon Machine* (why so called, I'll never know) a couple of U.S. Navy lieutenants (Messrs. Steve McQueen and Jim Hutton) conceive the brilliant idea of using their ship's electronic computer—the latest thing in mechanical brains—to beat the roulette wheel at the casino in Venice. As an eager gambler, I was agog to see how this was done—not that I am ever likely to have a million-dollar electronic computer of my own—but there is so much necking and horseplay in the film, I soon lost interest. Mr. Dean Jagger plays a U.S. Admiral of unbelievable bonheadedness—so easily self-persuaded into believing the fleet is about to be attacked that one shudders to think what might happen if he could put his finger on an atomic bomb press-button. Miss Brigid Bazlen figures as his flirtatious daughter who, though she has sworn off Navy personnel, is ever ready for a skirmish with anything else in trousers, and the pleasant Miss Paula Prentiss, cast as a madly myopic heiress, gives an irritatingly ineffectual imitation of Mr. Magoo. I dutifully report that several of my neighbours appeared to find the thing amusing—which only goes to show, once again, that it takes all sorts to make a world.

The presence of Mr. Terry-Thomas in the cast of *A Matter of Who* led me to expect this would be a comedy. It isn't, though—it is merely a confusion. Mr. Terry-Thomas, a germ-detecting member of the World Health Organization ("WHO", see?), is alerted by an airline authority when a plane passenger is found to be dead on arrival at London Airport. It's Mr. T.-T.'s job to discover what he died of. Also interested, for personal reasons, in the cause of death is Mr. Alex Nicol, the late lamented's partner in some project involving oil wells. Quick as a flash, Mr. Terry-Thomas moves into action when smallpox is diagnosed. All the passengers who travelled aboard the plane have to be traced and they and everybody they have been in contact with since leaving it must submit to vaccination. With Mr. Nicol tagging along because he feels his partner may have been double-crossing him with one of his fellow travellers, Mr. Terry-Thomas does a wizard job of rounding up possible smallpox carriers. (He goes so far as to hi-jack the corpse of an Arab diplomat—though exactly for what purpose I could not say.)

All the same, *somebody* must have slipped un-vaccinated through his fingers, for there is suddenly a case of smallpox in Brussels, then one in Zurich and three in an Alpine village where a mystery plane has crashed. Messrs. Nicol and Terry-Thomas, the latter bowler-hatted and brandishing an umbrella, trundle on foot through the snow to the scene of the accident—and are fired upon from a helicopter by some evil character who is clearly determined that they shall not solve the mystery of the wrecked aircraft and the germs that got away.

You may be sure that Mr. Terry-Thomas nevertheless solves it. As for me, I never did.

RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

Palladium Jazz Date. Cleo Laine & Tubby Hayes.

You 'n Me, by Zoot Sims & Al Cohn.

This Is Our Music, by Ornette Coleman.

The Return of Roosevelt Sykes, and Face To Face With The Blues, by Roosevelt Sykes.

Singers & experimenters

ANYONE WHO WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO SEE CLEO LAINE'S PERFORMANCE in Kurt Weill's *Seven Deadly Sins* in Edinburgh or London last month would have few doubts about her ability to sing. For some years she has dominated the jazz scene as the top singer in Britain, and her work on *Palladium Jazz Date* (STFL570) proves to my complete satisfaction that her talent and artistry remain undiminished. Her remarkable range is an undoubted asset, and her style is perfectly flexible, tinged with inflections from that greatest of all contemporary lady singers, Billie Holiday. I suspect that we jazz lovers will hear less of her as she angles her career in the direction of the theatre.

The reverse of this Fontana album features tenorist Tubby Hayes with his quartet, in two tear-up pieces and one slow number that demonstrate his versatility as one of our outstanding jazzmakers. In fact Tubby is now visiting America as one half of a unique exchange of musicians. The reciprocal half will be Zoot Sims, another modern exponent of the tenor saxophone, who has worked with many top-name bands in America, including Woody Herman and Gerry Mulligan. He can be heard in typical vein on *You n' Me* (MMC14071) in company with Al Cohn, another tenor player of repute. Their free swinging brand of jazz is further enhanced by the presence of pianist Mose Allison. Sims has a slightly warmer, breathier style than Cohn, and makes greater use of the lower range of his instrument. Their closing track on this record is particularly interesting, being an accompanied improvisation between the two tenor players; it is both challenging and effective, and establishes a possible basis for the elimination of the rhythm section. It depends on a deep and close understanding and interchange of ideas between musicians who, like Al and Zoot, habitually play together. Zoot will be playing at the Ronnie Scott Club in London from 27 October, and has provincial dates too.

A more daring experiment comes from Ornette Coleman's Quartet in *This Is Our Music* (SAH-K6181). The idea behind this could, I suppose, be described as free improvisation, spontaneous expression, or any other tag you care to put on it to denote that it is a departure from convention. Oddly enough, convention in music is largely born in the human ear. When an individual or group departs sufficiently from the conventional, the listener's ear goes on strike. At least that is what mine did when I heard this music. It is easy to pick out individual phrases from the strident Parker-infected saxophone work of Coleman which make sense in their own right, but the collective results achieved



tomorrow's eye make-up
"OMBRE-MAT"
 a compressed powder
 shadow
 together with the
 EYE SHADOW STICK
 and
 LIQUID EYE-LID LINER

LANCÔME

by this quartet are as remote from the accepted pattern of jazz as Schoenberg is from Beethoven. I bear no grudge against experiments, but this is one which seems to go beyond the bounds of public comprehension.

Now I am faced with two meaty blues performances by singer Roosevelt Sykes, and find it quite impossible to differentiate between the two. **The Return of Roosevelt Sykes** (Bluesville 1006) presents him in front of a four-piece group, whereas **Face to Face with the Blues** (33SX1343) is accompanied by a drummer only. His piano can be heard to better advantage in the duo, but it lacks the surging drive of the larger group. Sykes comes from Chicago, and is one of the most prolific record-makers in the blues field, especially between the wars.

BOOKS *Siriol Hugh-Jones*

View From The West, by Claud Cockburn. (McGibbon & Kee, 21s.)

Every Advantage, by John Verney. (Collins, 16s.)

Guardians Of Time, by Poul Anderson. Gollancz, 13s. 6d.

A Picture Of The Twenties, by Richard Bennett. (Vista Books, 30s.)

Twenty Tremendous Years, by Paul Tabori. (Oldbourne, 30s.)

The Theatre Of Jean-Louis Barrault, by Jean-Louis Barrault. (Barrie & Rockliff, 25s.)

I sympathize with those bats

FOR EVERY READER, THERE IS A SMALL BUNCH OF WRITERS WHO MAKE a sound that attracts—commands even—as surely and mysteriously as those whistles audible only to dogs and bats. Such writers may from time to time appear to be on second-best form, or even run occasionally to lamentable seed; but no matter. For one reader at least (and generally for a whole lot more, but self-flattery and a pleasant feeling of apartness are heavily built-in to this sort of case) the sound is still and always the sirens' song. This is merely a long way of saying that I honestly don't mind what Claud Cockburn's autobiography is about so long as it keeps on going. The third instalment is called **View From The West**, and has on its jacket Mr. Cockburn peering through his telescope (Irish no doubt) with pursed lips, ready to give out a steady flow of rolling, prestissimo speech. This enchanting book covers such hypnotic subjects as life in Youghal, the author's near-death of tuberculosis and suspected cancer, working with Muggerridge on *Punch*, and the concoction, with Maurice Richardson, of enthralling, invisible papers for the Hultons.

Ironie, tartly witty and for the most part blandly disenchanted, Mr. Cockburn has also flashes of genuine heart, and the section on the critical illness of his children—a difficult thing to write about—is marvellously right because of its simplicity and immediate sincerity and involvement. All through the book the writer reminds me of Berowne, who was condemned for a year to visit the sick and “move wild laughter in the throat of death.” At one point Mr. Cockburn was forbidden to laugh immoderately because it made him cough blood. It's a memorable and startling thought, and may be—if this isn't being pompous about it—what satirical comedy is about in a nutshell.

John Verney is another writer whose books have this same for-your-cars-alone quality I find so irresistible. **Every Advantage** is an urbane, unexpected, highly intelligent and funny novel which is really an extended study of the life of one man—the one-eyed near-eccentric publisher Paul Pot, who has small luck with career or wife, was brought up in India and at public school, and is investigating his own views on his background and the truth of his ancestry and opinions by writing a leisurely autobiography. I've not met a more instantly lovable, detached and ironic nearly-hero for months, and anyway I heartily recommend the book because Mr. Verney's elegant and kind mind is so pleasant to wander about in.

Briefly . . . My new-found mild passion for SF (not too technical, not too advanced and in not too large doses, since I am as yet only a beginner) took me to **Guardians Of Time** by Poul Anderson. These deft

and enchantingly clever stories are quick enough and short enough never to bore, and their time-travel theme means you get a jolly shot of historical fiction as a sort of bonus. Mr. Kingsley Amis has, thank heaven, a commending quote on the jacket. In my nursery or Oedipal stages, I am not fool enough to stray far from father's advice. **A Picture Of The Twenties** by Richard Bennett is a cheerful and well-selected scrapbook of 10 years in England, catnip for those who like me are addicted to the simple history-in-photographs approach. . . . The same only more so (more years and more pictures) applies to Paul Tabori's **Twenty Tremendous Years**, covering a Neville Chamberlain to Gagarin span. . . . **The Theatre Of Jean-Louis Barrault** is a collection of essays and speeches by Barrault on his experience of the theatre, plays and writers. A great deal of it seemed to me woolly and vague like some long shapeless knitted scarf, with the section on Claudel a good deal more immediate and interesting than the rest. (The translation, by Joseph Chiari, is not always helpful. When Claudel says to Barrault “Ah, there you are, tempter, you have won, I give you *Partage de Midi*” a curious and gloomy feeling of total unreality comes over me like a thick fog.) Again and again, however, it illustrates the basic differences between English and French attitudes—for instance, Barrault, speaking a farewell address at Claudel's tomb, says “Now you are near Mary, happily lying for eternity like a little star at her feet.” This into English, like 13 into 12, simply won't go.

GALLERIES *Robert Wraith*

Sale of paintings, drawings & sculpture, Bonham's Salerooms. Six painters, two sculptors, Rawinsky Gallery.

Mr. Levy lights a fuse

BY ONE OF THOSE SMALL COINCIDENCES THAT MAKE LIFE MORE interesting, I received in the same post the other day the catalogue of tomorrow evening's sale at Bonham's Montpelier Galleries, in Knightsbridge, and this month's issue of the art magazine *The Studio*. The catalogue contains a foreword, by artist and critic Michael Ayrton, informing me that the sale was in aid of the Appeal for Amnesty for Spanish Political Prisoners & Exiles and that Picasso had not only donated one of his own paintings but had also addressed an open letter to his fellow artists which had brought “in instant response, a body of



Park Landscape, a watercolour by Raoul Dufy, is one of the pictures to be sold in aid of Spanish prisoners at Bonhams tomorrow night.

work which includes the majority of the great names in contemporary European art." The magazine contains an article, called "Picasso in Barcelona," by artist and critic Mervyn Levy who, after commenting upon the wonderful collection of Picassos at present to be found in the Catalonian capital's Museum of Modern Art and soon to become part of a special Picasso Museum, remarks that "it is evident that the Spanish Government harbours not a vestige of political prejudice against the painter."

From there, venturing on to some dangerously hot ground, he goes on: "It would be a curious thing if the most effectual legacy of the age of dictators was the application of 'discipline and order' (Generalissimo Franco) to the problems of how best to integrate the artist with society. Although there is freedom of the artist in Spain, it is freedom tempered with the sense of discipline and order that all good art imposes on itself. The plain, and for many unpalatable, fact remains that in some respects the modern dictatorships have done more for the artist than the spineless jelly of the Western democracies dissolving in hooliganism and industrial chaos." This is politico-artistic dynamite that deserves to be exploded fully, but at the moment I am intrigued simply by the curious situation in which Picasso is campaigning against a Spanish Government which harbours not a vestige of political prejudice against him. And it was with a feeling that all cannot be what it seems that I went to Bonham's for a preview of the sale.

Often this sort of charity sale is made up of unwanted odds and ends gleaned from studio floors. But this time I felt sure, artists, collectors and dealers, having Picasso's example to follow, would be especially generous. And so many of them have been. But the Picasso, a still-life painted in 1958 and called *Coffee pot and cup*, turns out to be a poor thing. It is expected to fetch the highest price in the sale but, in fact, it is inferior to many of the other lots.

A charming watercolour, *Park landscape*, by Dufy has been presented by the artist's widow. Wassily Kandinsky's widow has given one of her husband's ink *Compositions* of 1931, Fernand Leger's widow has given a pencil and watercolour drawing of two typical Leger girls and Albert Marquet's widow has presented a lively sketch called *Le rencontre*. Henry Moore's offering is a small but fine bronze *Reclining figure* and that old warrior Augustus John has come up with a fine drawing of a

woman made many years ago when his hand was steadier than it is today.

Max Ernst's contribution is catalogued *A very beautiful picture*. Apparently he had not started the work when asked for details for the catalogue and would say only that it would be a very beautiful picture. In true surrealist fashion the phrase stuck and became the picture's title. Among other distinguished artists who have given generously and of their best work are John Piper, Paul Rebeyrolle, Victor Vasarely, Sidney Nolan, Edouard Pignon, Renato Guttuso, Julian Trevelyan, Derriek Greaves, Kenneth Armitage and Françoise Gilot (who is the mother of Picasso's children Claude and Paloma).

The somewhat grandiloquently titled exhibition at the new Rawinsky Gallery (in Newburgh Street, W.1) is, in fact, an exhibition of drawings. It is introduced by art critic Jaschia Reichardt in a catalogue note, a perceptive and intelligent note, in which he differentiates between two types of drawing. The first "a self-contained item, however rough the finish or quick the execution," the second "a sort of visual shorthand, little notes often no larger than a postage stamp, which fulfil the same function as a disjointed word in a journalist's notebook—meaningful to him but no one else." The drawings of the first category, he rightly maintains, have an art value. Those of the second "despite a gilt and velvet frame that may surround them, are no more than curios, documents, a useful pointer in the total development of the artist, but nothing more."

Now, although there are no gilt and velvet frames in this exhibition and the drawings are poster, rather than postage-stamp, size, there are far too many things on show that belong to the second category. They may, possibly, be meaningful to the artists who did them but they certainly are not to anyone else. There was a time when artists jealously guarded the secrets of work in progress. Nowadays they are all too ready to show us their half-baked ideas—ideas that seldom get further than the scribble stage. Of the eight artists at Rawinsky's only Peter Blake is a draughtsman in the traditional sense and his drawings are always a pleasure to look at. But sculptor Brian Wall, using broad black masses on white paper, produces some striking effects in the manner of Soulages, and Brian Young gives to his drawings a lithographic quality that invites a limited amount of interest for itself.

DINING IN

Helen Burke

MUSSELS SHOULD COME IN WITH THE LETTER "R" IN THE MONTH, BUT in my locality we do not see them until October. The one thing to avoid is muddy mussels. If you happen to get them, do not buy any more from that fishmonger, for further ones are likely to be muddy again and this will certainly be on an occasion when you are particularly anxious that the "essence" from them should be clear and not deep grey. I have written this before but it will bear repeating. Examine each mussel. Should any of them be open give them a gentle tap and they should close. If not discard them. Any mussel which seems very heavy may be full of mud, in spite of careful buying, and one mud-filled shell can ruin your sauce. Work the shells sideways against each other and mud, if any, will reveal itself.

Scrape the shells but, at this point, do not remove the weeds. Many of the shells are covered by barnacles. I always scrape these off, but you can please yourself. It is a good idea to place the mussels in a colander and stand this in the sink with cold water coming up and over them and with cold water dripping in for several hours. Some people add a handful of salt to the water, and some a handful of oatmeal. I was brought up to put oatmeal in with clams, which were plentiful in my part of Canada, but, these days, I am told that it is quite wrong. Just before starting to cook the mussels, pull out the weeds.

The most simple of all mussel dishes is MOULES MARINIÈRE. Four pints of mussels will serve four persons. A large enough pot with a tightly fitting lid is required. Into it, put $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, several bruised parsley stalks, a small sprig of thyme, a finely chopped shallot, a finely chopped clove of garlic, if liked, freshly milled pepper to taste and just a little less than $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of dry white wine. Get these boiling hard, add the

Musseling in

mussels and cover tightly. Keep the heat at its highest. Cook for 5 minutes, shaking the pan back and forth over the heat. Take a peep at them. If the shells are open, they are ready. If not, give them another minute or, at the outside, 2 minutes. Strain the stock from the mussels into a heated large jug. Turn the mussels themselves into large soup plates and sprinkle them with a little chopped parsley. Carefully pour the stock over them, leaving behind any grit there may be. The half shells can be removed in the first place, but the best thing that can happen to *Moules Marinière* is to get them to table as soon as possible.

The little extra work required for MOULES AUX CHABLIS is well worth while. Prepare the mussels as for *Moules Marinière*, using Chablis instead of "any dry white wine." Strain the stock into a widish pan, add a little more Chablis and boil to reduce the liquid by about half.

Meanwhile, remove a half shell from each mussel, then neatly pack them into four individual casseroles, open side up. Cover and keep hot. Have ready *beurre manié*, made by working together $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of butter and a trifle more of plain flour. Crumble this into the boiling stock, boil up again and at once pour the sauce over the mussels. Sprinkle them with chopped parsley and serve immediately.

For MOULES POULETTE the mussels are again prepared as before. Make in advance a thick Béchamel sauce, without salt. Dilute it to a very thin cream with some of the strained mussel stock and quickly whisk over a strong heat. Blend together an egg yolk, a drop or two of wine vinegar and 2 to 3 tablespoons of double cream. Stir a little of the sauce into this mixture then add it to the bulk of the sauce. Reheat, if necessary, but do not boil. Pour this sauce over the shelled mussels and serve.

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GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

It started with beer when light ale was first used to do marvellous things for fine hair in need of bulk. Because of its drying properties it is good for oily hair too. Now, every other hairdresser shakes on some freshly-opened light ale before he puts in the rollers. Alan Spiers was one of the first to do it and now his newest thought in the light refreshment line is orange and lemon juice. The Spiers orange peel shampoo froths on to oily lank hair and efficiently degreases it while lemon juice brings refreshment to dry hair in need of conditioning. There's an orangery at his Berkeley Square salon—one of the lightest and airiest in London—and clients can sip orange and lemon juice under the drier too. Hair news here is a mixture of soft waves and tip tilting ends which Spiers whimsically calls Up Boy.

Liquid refreshment, too, for Miss Dior fans. It comes in a fine spray version that loses nothing of its zippy, lightheaded fragrance in *eau de toilette*. The spray is pure silver plated, gold capped (£7 19s. 6d.), the refill looks good enough to use by itself (£3 19s. 6d.) in a plain grey case. Liquid refreshment for the skin with Max Factor's Sheer Genius—a complete tinted lotion make-up for the skin that contains moisturizers and gives a pretty, sheen finish. It costs 7s. 5d. a tube. Most effective liquid refreshment for the skin is lemon juice, plus hot water—a boring but basic beauty truth which brings a clearer, fresher skin



Photographs by EARRY WARNER



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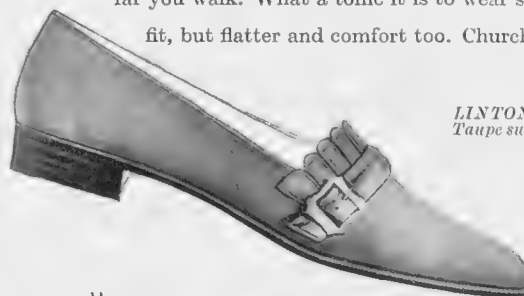
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MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

Justifying the cost

Sportshirt & jacket (above) at £18 18s. 6d. Left: Fully-fashioned pullover. Classic pullover (right) is £8 15s.

OCTOBER IS THE MONTH FOR CLOTHES THAT ARE LIGHT, YET GENTLY warm—and no other fibre fills the bill quite as well as cashmere. Since the war, cashmere has been looked on as a luxury fabric, quite out of reach of the average pocket. It's certainly luxurious to wear, and it can't be produced cheaply if it is to maintain the high standards that are traditional in this industry, but the prices are not unconscionably high. An ordinary wool sweater can be expensive these days; its cashmere counterpart, a classic pullover like the one illustrated here, costs approximately £8 15s. One of the factors that justify this price is that the raw material for cashmere is found in only one area of the world, in central Asia, where mountain goats live high up on the foothills of the Himalayas. A great deal of skill has gone into the production of suitable clothing for these altitudes; the mountain goat is well provided for by nature. He has a silky undercoat that traps air to keep him warm. This soft, light undercoat combed from the longer, thicker, outer coat, is the raw material of cashmere. The wool is packed in bales and can take up to two years to reach Scotland, where a great deal of Asia's cashmere is knitted into pullovers, jerseys, cardigans and sports shirts—and, of course, twin-sets. The processing on arrival is elaborate. Cashmere is "dyed in the wool," to give greater colour fastness and more even shades. Spinning, carding and combing give the inimitable softness and "handle" that typify cashmere.

Most men will think of the term "fully-fashioned" as one of those things one mutters across stocking counters on desultory affrays at Christmas and birthday-times. But as far as cashmere is concerned it means that the shape and fit are knitted in. Though cashmere garments are machine-knitted, it is craftsman's work. A certain amount of

processing—quite an important part, in fact—takes place after the knitting. The garment, still quite unrecognizable, is washed in a firm but gentle machine, to contribute still more to the final "handle." I was surprised to hear that knitted cashmere could be cut with scissors; this determines the position of the neck, and in the case of a cardigan, the buttoned front. A final pressing for shaping and the cashmere garment is ready for packing and distribution.

Cashmere clothes are classics, so no great developments of cut or detail are to be reported, in knitwear at any rate. The colours of Scottish cashmere knitwear are derived from the traditional vegetable dyes, and one of the most interesting variations of solid colours in cashmere is provided by the intarsia technique, when strands of wool in a contrasting colour are inlaid by hand to form a pattern on the overall background. Tweed-stitch, rack-stitch, flecks, checker-board patterns, stripes, diamonds—all these patterns can be achieved by intarsia-work.

There are some very practical and attractive cashmere cardigans with matching sports shirts available now; the shirts have wider sleeves than usual to allow plenty of freedom in movement. Braemar's version of this pair is called "Gameset & Match." The low-fastening jacket, with long sleeves and turned-back cuffs, has a ribbed collar. There are three buttons on the short-sleeved shirt. Jackets can be bought separately, though it would seem to be halving a good idea; the set will cost about 18 guineas. Cashmere garments can be bought at most good stores; since the name is largely the best guarantee of quality, it is wise to look for the members of the Scottish Cashmere Association: Ballantyne of Peebles; Munro-spun of Edinburgh; Barrie, Braemar, and Lyle & Scott, all of Hawick; and Pringle of Scotland.



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MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

New looks at Frankfurt

BEFORE THE IMPRESSIONS OF THE FRANKFURT MOTOR SHOW ARE FULLY sorted out, it is time to be away again to see what the French industry has kept back as last-minute surprises for the Paris Salon. Certainly there are three new items: Simca's new rear-engined small car, an elegant new Facel Vega coupé and a Peugeot 404 convertible. But back to Frankfurt. No wonder they only stage the show at two-year intervals. It really is the greatest motor show in the world for sheer size, hard to beat also for sheer showmanship. The major manufacturers each have their own halls, where they stage lavish and dramatic displays sometimes with cascades of cars descending at perilous angles from the roof. This year, being the 75th anniversary of the first successful efforts by Gottlieb Daimler and Karl Benz, the theme was historical, led by Daimler-Benz, who brought out some of the finest specimens from their museum to appear alongside gleaming new models like the 300 SE saloon and the new 220 SE convertible. As a background they had spare, elegant silhouettes of historical cars beautifully fabricated in copper and brass. In the Volkswagen hall, presided over by a confident Professor Doktor Nordhoff, looking more than ever like the cat that has swallowed the canary, the new VW 1500 was the obvious attraction.

Besides the saloon there was an attractive station wagon of conventional shape (the engine is hidden under the floor at the rear), plus a new coupé and convertible by Karmann Ghia, which should prove just as popular with women as the smaller ones. The Nordhoff family is now allied with that of the late Prof. Ferdinand Porsche, who designed the original VW, to form a new automobile dynasty, for one of Nordhoff's daughters married Ernst Piech, one of Porsche's grandsons, who tells me he is busy working on VW distribution in Austria. The other Nordhoff daughter, Barbara, a tall and attractive brunette, had come over from New York, where she works in the brilliantly successful VW publicity organization.

Ford contributed to the historical theme by showing a Model T coupé on a turntable with the Cologne-built 12M and 17M saloons. They also showed the new Capri from Dagenham which seems assured of a ready sale on the German market. The latest version of the 17M, which will probably be shown at Earls Court, is the TS sports saloon with a more powerful engine giving 77 horsepower, which is said to raise the speed to 92 m.p.h. It has anti-fade brake linings and separate front seats. DKW, who now form part of the Daimler Benz group, have found an answer to the old problem with two-stroke engines—the need to mix oil with the petrol, or the possibility that one may forget,

with disastrous results. There is now an oil tank which carries enough for 1,500-2,000 miles and a pump supplies the engine with the exact amount required. Oil consumption is reduced and the exhaust is cleaner.

There were several attractive new small cars, with lines and finish that should attract women buyers. B.M.W. have a new convertible body for their little 700, which will be seen at Earls Court with right-hand drive, and the NSU Prinz, already a fairly familiar sight on British roads, appears in a new version, the Prinz 4, with a much roomier body looking like a scale model of the Chevrolet Corvair. There is also a pretty, new model from the Goggomobil concern, the Glas coupé with a highly efficient four-cylinder engine which has set all the engineers talking because its overhead camshaft is belt driven, a silent, inexpensive idea which no one else has yet been bold enough to adopt. This, too, will be seen at Earls Court. Belts are also featured on the little Dutch DAF, but in this case they form the automatic transmission which drives the rear wheels. The latest version, also due to be seen in London, is the de luxe DAFfodil, with an engine enlarged to 750 c.c. It is by far the smallest car now fitted with automatic transmission and its interior trim is much better done than on the standard model. Driving back through Belgium and Holland I saw quite a lot of these easy-to-drive little DAFs, and once the right-hand drive models become available they should find buyers in England too.

Frankfurt is well served by the autobahn network and there are vast parking areas that swallow up tens of thousands of cars. But even so, the show produces some fairly spectacular traffic jams because there are several points where bridges and viaducts on the autobahn are still being reconstructed to make good war-time demolitions. This is tedious, but it does not result from any governmental tendency to lie down on the job such as we have seen in the 22-year delay in completing a few hundred yards of Western Avenue. The Cologne-Aachen autobahn is now complete and fully used, after severe subsidences caused its total reconstruction. A 55-mile section from Cologne to Dortmund has just been opened through attractive scenery avoiding the main Ruhr industrial areas, and traffic is now using the new 25-mile stretch through Franconia from Frankfurt to Würzburg, first stage of a new link with Nuremberg. Now a new speed-up has been announced which will give West Germany 3,000 miles of autobahn by 1970. The reason why the Germans can do this and we cannot is quite simple. The Germans spend their road vehicle taxes on the roads.

The new Mercedes-Benz 220 SE convertible introduced at the Frankfurt show





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COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

The hidden ivories

IVORY HAS BEEN IN USE SINCE MEDIEVAL TIMES FOR A VARIETY OF utilitarian purposes. Carving in this medium in many forms was widely practised in Europe during the 14th century. Nowadays Chinese, Japanese and other Oriental ivory carvings of all periods are more frequently to be seen in auction rooms than in private collections. So when I recently came across the illustrated set of carved ivories, representing the four seasons, hanging over the fireplace of a friend's home in Wiltshire, I was most intrigued. Their small size and the intricate work made me determined to give them closer study.

Mr. Gilbert Garbe of Charlotte Street, London, W.1, the well-known restorer of ivories and other *objets d'art* to whom I took the set as a first step in my studies was much impressed by the fine carving and confirmed that it was the work of the Italian School from the first half of the 19th century. Mr. Garbe also told me that these four attractive medallions had each been carved from a piece of ivory 5-8 in. overall in thickness and 12 in. in diameter. The workmanship, as will be noted, is in the genre of high relief.

Carving on ivory of this type with all its intricacies was usually carried out with the simplest of tools such as gravers and small scrapers with "v" shaped points of various widths. Special attention should be given to the garlands of fruit and flowers which are magnificently executed; the natural freedom of the carving of the figurines, which are known as *amorinis*, is also worthy of note for they look as though they are flying through the air. The seasons are represented by autumn on the left, winter on the right and spring and summer in the centre and the medallions are set in an ebony frame which shows them up to the best advantage.

It is the first time I have come across such work outside museums and maybe other examples of this art are in private possession but lie forgotten and hidden away in some dark corner. These should find the light of day, together with other Oriental pieces.



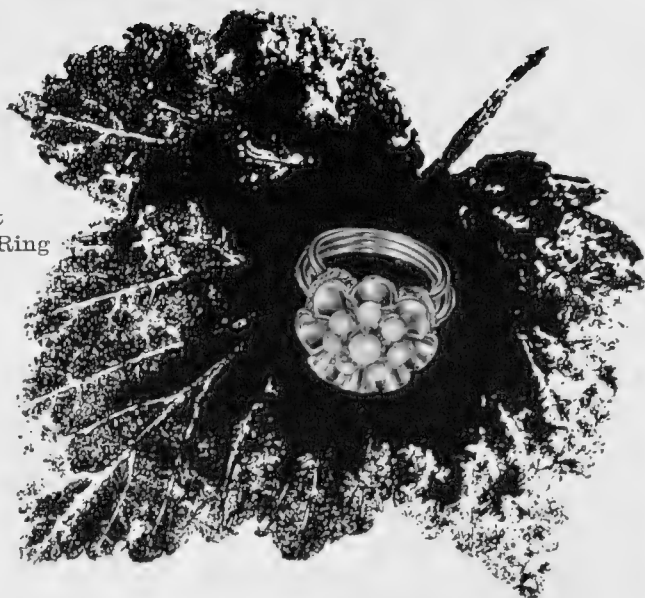
FOUR SEASONS in ivory with
(left) detail of "Spring"

PETER HAMILTON-SMITH

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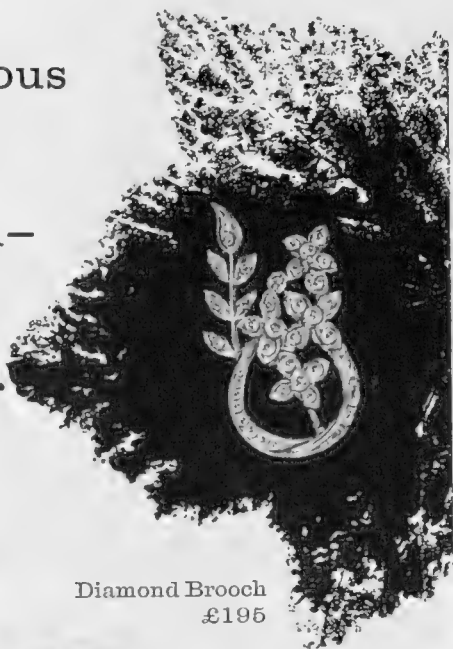
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Berry—Mobbs: Pamela Jane, daughter of the Hon. Lionel & Lady Hélène Berry, of Chesham, Bucks, was married to Nigel, son of Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Mobbs, of Bramleys, Little Kingshill, Bucks, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Callaghan—Jay: Margaret Ann, daughter of Mr. James Callaghan, M.P., & Mrs. Callaghan, of Montpelier Row, Blackheath, S.E.3, was married to Peter, son of Mr. Douglas Jay, P.C., M.P., & Mrs. Jay, of Well Road, Hampstead, in the Crypt Chapel, Palace of Westminster

Wagner—Adorian: Patricia, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Rupert Wagner, of Sproutes, Coolham, Horsham, Sussex, was married to Paul, son of Mr. & Mrs. Paul Adorian, of The Mill House, Billingshurst, Sussex, at the church of St. Mary the Virgin, Shipley, near Horsham

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Thorne—Wight-Boycott: Miss Marcella Thorne was married to Captain Vere Wight-Boycott, R.N. (retd.), son of the late Capt. & Mrs. Augustus Wight-Boycott, at Mattishall, Norfolk



Forbes—Cowper: Judy, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Ian Forbes, of Top Common, Chipperfield, Hertfordshire, was married to Christopher Pennington, son of Mr. & Mrs. L. Trevor Cowper, of West View, Chipperfield, at St. Paul's, Chipperfield

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

**Mr. T. F. Horn and
Miss E. G. Williams**

The engagement is announced between Terence Frederick, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Horn, of Coventry, Warwickshire, and Elizabeth Georgina, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Williams, of Greenfield, Balsall Common, Warwickshire.

**Mr. J. L. Bale and
Miss H. J. Mansfield**

The engagement is announced between John Lawrance, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrance Bale, of Hargrave House, Grosvenor Road, Caversham, Reading, and Hilary Jane, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Mansfield, of 7 St. Andrews Road, Caversham, Reading.

**Mr. P. W. Lee and
Miss G. W. Oates**

The engagement is announced between Peter Wilton, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Wilton Lee, of Birkett House, Lindrick Common, Workop, Nottinghamshire, and Gillian Wendy, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Oates, of Woodlands, Blyth Road, Workop.

**Captain T. C. G. Milne and
Miss M. E. Jasper**

The engagement is announced between Thomas Cockburn Garland, son of Colonel and Mrs. H. S. Milne, of Blackthorns, Milford-on-Sea, Hampshire, and Margaret Elizabeth, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Jasper, of Carvabyns, Camelford, Cornwall.

**Mr. M. A. Bedford and
Miss D. L. Bearman**

The engagement is announced between Michael Anthony, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Bedford, of Melverley, Ashted, Surrey, and Diana Louise, younger daughter of Mr. R. L. Bearman, of 11 Bell Moor, Hampstead, N.W.3, and Mrs. B. Bearman, of 606 Collingwood House, Dolphin Square, S.W.1.

**Mr. R. J. Garnett Harper and
Miss S. J. Milton**

The engagement is announced between Richard Jonathan, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Garnett Harper, of Brook House, Shalford, Surrey, and Susan Jacqueline, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Milton, of Trevellan, 8 Harford Drive, Watford, Hertfordshire.

**Mr. D. A. Allen and
Mrs. S. L. Pond**

The engagement is announced between Derek, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Allen, of Pinewood, Fulmer, Buckinghamshire, and Susan, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moss, of Blue Hill Farm, Watton-at-Stone, Hertfordshire.

**Mr. D. E. K. Elliott and
Miss S. A. Isdell-Carpenter**

The engagement is announced between Denys Edmund Kenneth, son of the late Major H. E. D. Elliott and of Mrs. Elliott, of Roundabout, Pulborough, Sussex, and Sally Anne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Isdell-Carpenter, of The Salmon, Loosley Row, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire.

**Mr. T. R. Simmons and
Miss P. M. Dagger**

The engagement is announced between Terence Robert Simmons, of 31 Redcliffe Close, S.W.5, and of Montreal, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Simmons, of Watford, Hertfordshire, and Patricia Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dagger, of The Manor House, Newbury, Berkshire.

**Mr. P. J. Wilmshurst and
Miss J. S. F. Whyte**

The engagement is announced between Peter, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Wilmshurst, of 90 Claygate Lane, Esher, and Jill, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. F. Whyte, of 97 Highgate West Hill, London, N.6.

**Mr. R. H. I. Galpin and
Miss F. V. Wright**

The engagement is announced between Richard Hamilton Irvine Galpin, of Harraton Court, Exning, Newmarket, son of Brigadier and Mrs. S. G. Galpin, of Northcote House, Blackwater, near Camberley, and Felicity Vivien, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Wright, of Little Hallingbury Hall, Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire.

**Dr. J. F. Colville and
Miss D. V. Padfield**

The engagement is announced between John, son of Dr. and Mrs. O. Colville, of Glen Cairn, Oldfield Road, Bath, and Vivien, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Padfield, of Church Farm, Stratton-on-the-Fosse, Bath.

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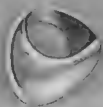
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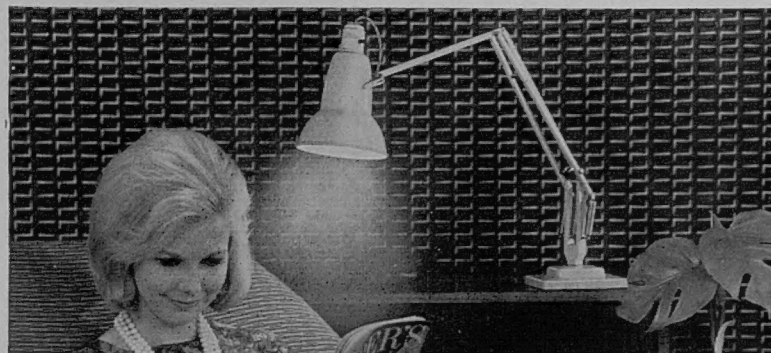
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